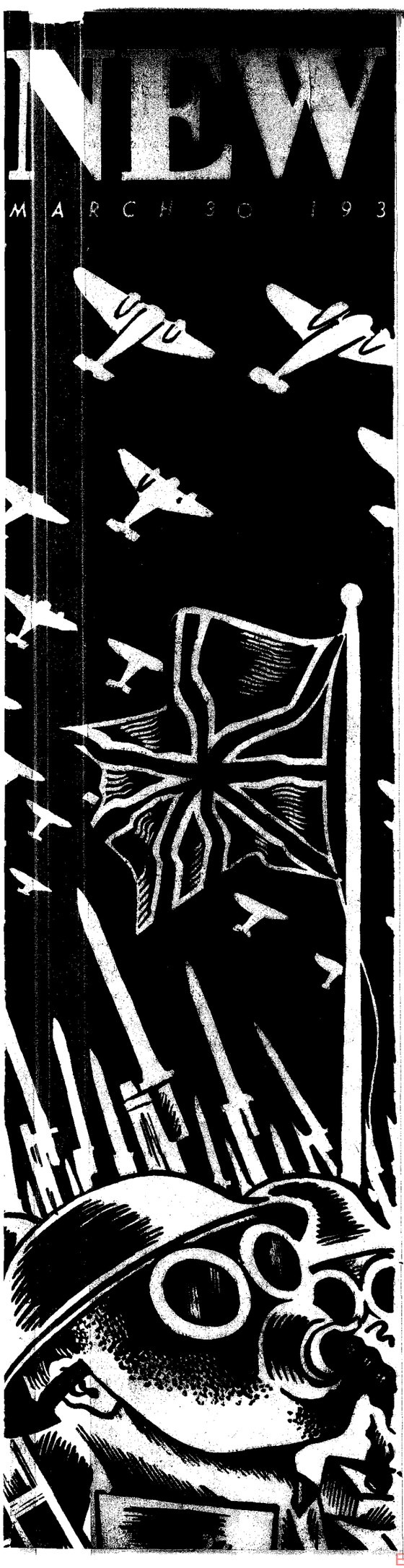

NEW MASSES

MARCH 30 1937 7 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Why Britain Is Rearming

By R. Palme Dutt

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What Really Happened in Paris

A Cable from Paul Nizan

The Socialist Party Convenes

Theodore Draper

Ireland's Easter Rebellion

Blaine Owen

Mr. Carney and General Franco

Robert Forsythe

The Story of John L. Lewis

Bruce Minton and John Stuart

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

AS WE go to press, the phones are ringing as they ring in great newspaper offices in the late afternoons of World Series days. And the calls are all for editor Edwin Rolfe. It seems that through the clear night air of the second day of spring the short-wave radio vibrations came winging from Madrid, carrying the incisive tones of Herbert Kline, ex-editor of *New Theatre,* broadcasting over an as yet unidentified station from the Spanish capital. Following a description of the latest loyalist successes against the Italians on the Guadalajara front, Kline (who is on certain NEW MASSES business in Spain, apart from other things, in coöperation with Correspondent Hawthorne) called upon his hearers to "get in touch with Edwin Rolfe—E-d-w-i-n R-o-l-f-e of the NEW MASSES—N-E-W M-A-S-S-E-S—three one East two seven street New York City. I will repeat the name . . ." etc. Well, Kline's hearers have been complying by the regiment. Editor Rolfe doesn't know quite what it's all about, but he has an idea. It seems that four years or so ago Kline was in the badly bent condition that is too characteristic of left-wing journalists, and Rolfe staked him to ham and eggs. This may be Kline's age-of-electricity-and-publicity payoff, Ed thinks. Cast your bread, or ham and eggs, or whatever, on the waters these days and it is likely to come back radioactive.

You will recall that some few weeks ago, when our editor, Joseph Freeman, was in Mexico, the newspapers there paid high tribute to the standing of this magazine in Latin America by interviewing him at considerable length on their front pages. This standing of ours south of the Rio Grande is again exemplified in recent issues of Mexico City's papers, which reprinted at considerable length Freeman's interview with President Cárdenas in our issue of March 2. The *Universal* splashed

the story across four columns on the front page, under the main heading "I go to the people, says the president." The reactionary and fascist press, of course, did not play the story that way; their editorial liberality is reserved, as indicated in Freeman's article last week, for such persons as Mussolini, Hitler, Franco, and Leon Trotsky.

First it was Mark Twain, then Stalin, and now it is one of our own contributors. The reports of the death of Phil Bard, NEW MASSES artist and leading member of the Artists' Union and other working-class organizations, have been greatly exaggerated. We can assure our readers who were worried by the reports during the past week or so that Bard is in the pink of fighting trim.

The news is not so good, however, for NEW MASSES editor Mike Gold, who was stricken with a heart attack in Los Angeles and had to take to a hospital bed, where he may be compelled to stay for some weeks to come. We have an idea that Mike would like to hear from his friends and comrades throughout the country during his spell of confinement. Write to him at Box 149, Station D, Los Angeles, Cal.

Art is long, and so is its arm—a fact which was testified to recently by the reprinting in a Paris magazine of a cartoon by Syd in one of our February numbers, which portrayed a starving German worker's family gazing at the Reichswehr on parade. Below was a caption quoting Hitler's words: "Give me four years and a new and greater German people will arise under National Socialism."

Unless the transatlantic communications services let us down, we will be able to print next week what should be one of the most interesting articles we have been privileged to publish in many months. Our Madrid correspondent, James Hawthorne, has cabled us his plans for sending a story on the Lincoln Battalion, composed of American anti-fascists under arms in defense of the People's Front government. This is something which seems to us merits a little word-of-mouth advertising because of the conspiracy of silence on the part of the American capitalist press regarding support by Americans of the legitimate government. This conspiracy, by the way, has been the talk of the New York press agents and journalists for some weeks now, and the suspicion is arising that there may be a centralized understanding on the part of the American newspapers to play this down as much as possible. At recent meetings in behalf of the Spanish government where important personalities were involved, and other newsworthy developments took place—and, which, indeed, were covered by newspaper men not only of superior rank on their papers, but also of known anti-fascist sympathies—in connection with several such affairs, where all the normal factors would have assured fair space in the daily press, not a line was printed.

Another aspect of the same general situation was the omission by Hearst's New York *Mirror,* from all but its first edition, of the syndicated column "Washington Merry-Go-Round" on March 5. This column dealt with the activities of State Department underlings and others in sabotaging the normal relations between the U. S. government and the Spanish government, and made it quite clear that insofar as possible, every hindrance was being put in the way of entirely legal and normal diplomatic and trade intercourse between this country and loyalist Spain. The *Mirror* printed this column in its first edition, but it was deleted from all subsequent editions. It is known that the Hearst organization has issued strict orders to its papers which subscribe to this syndicated column, written by Robert S. Allen and Drew Pearson (authors of *The Nine Old Men*) to edit very carefully and to be rigorously on guard against material unfriendly to fascist elements and friendly to the Spanish government.

Who's Who

R. PALME DUTT is well known to our readers and to thinking people everywhere as author of ***Fascism and Social Revolution*** and *World Politics, 1918-1936.*

Paul Nizan is the Paris correspondent of the NEW MASSES. Following a brilliant career as a philosopher and historian in France, he became one of the foreign experts of *L'Humanité,* organ of the French Communist Party.

Pretty well founded reports have it that when the Guggenheim awards are announced Monday, March 29, Artist William Gropper, who did the sit-down cartoon on page 8, will be among those who receive fellowships.

Blaine Owen has contributed frequently to our pages.

As previously noted, the John L. Lewis biography by Bruce Minton and John Stuart will be part of a forthcoming book on contemporary American labor leaders.

Ralph M. Pearson is widely known in American art circles, and teaches at the New School in New York.

Harry Pollitt is general secretary of the British Communist Party.

Newton Arvin is a member of the faculty at Smith College.

Flashbacks

PRECEDED by a Negro color bearer, marshaled by a revivalist in boots and buckskin, dignified by a phaeton carrying the general, his wife, and their son, Legal Tender, the Commonweal of Christ trailed down the road from Massilon, O., in a raw wind on Easter March 25, 1894. Fifty ragged men and fifty reporters completed the first day's marching strength of his procession, popularly known as Coxey's Army. Thus began what developed into the first national hunger march on Washington. . . . Sentence of one year in prison was clamped down on young Frank Tannenbaum, March 27, 1914. The offense: organizing the unemployed. The charge, inciting to riot. The deed, entering a church to ask for shelter. . . . This week, workers all over the world note the anniversary of Maxim Gorky, shaggy dean of Soviet letters who was born March 28, 1868.

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NEW MASSES
MARCH 30, 1937

John Mackey

Why Britain Rearms

Consistent refusal to defend peace and consistent coddling of the fascists have led to enhancement of the war danger

By R. Palme Dutt

THE new arms program of the British National government has raised the question of war or peace in the sharpest form for the people of Britain. If this rearmament program is allowed to go through unchecked, it means the certainty of war. Astronomical figures of arms expenditure have now been made familiar to the public.

The figure of £400 million was announced in the first White Paper as the maximum figure of the projected arms loan. The new figure of £1500 million appeared in the second White Paper as the probable total of arms expenditure in the next five years. Later the chancellor of the Exchequer was announcing that this figure of £1500 million might be indefinitely increased:

> As conditions have changed to our disadvantage since we first contemplated this program, they may change again, and it may be that in the end we shall find that even £1,500,000,000 has not represented the total amount that this country has been compelled to spend in this respect.

What the figure will be next week or next year we will not venture to prophesy.

For in fact these figures are hypothetical and arbitrary—designed to impress and stagger opinion abroad, as well as at home, rather than to convey any exact measure. The real limit is not financial any longer at the present frenzied pace of progress. The real limit is the rate at which the entire production of the country can be converted to the purposes of war production.

Britain is transforming its economy to a war basis no less than Nazi Germany. If Britain appears to have entered later into the intensive rearmament drive, this delay is not without its reasons. For this very delay means that Britain, having had the shrewdness to wait, now comes in to outstrip every other Power in the last lap and arrive with the most modernized up-to-date equipment, whereas a great part of German air equipment from the first years of Hitler is already out of date. And

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the peak is still in front. The full effects of this process of intensive rearmament and militarization in the life of the people, social, economic, and political, will be increasingly felt as the program develops.

These figures are war figures. They have no meaning in relation to peace conditions. War loans are not raised in times of peace to be paid off in times of war. They are raised in times of war to be paid off in times of peace.

Canons of "sound finance" no longer apply in present conditions. Criticisms based on the canons of "sound finance," the outcries of the horrified economists, are lost in the empty air. Capitalism has given up hope of calculating for the future and is staking all in the bloody gamble of the present.

Every question of politics in the coming period in this country, every question of the life of the people, of the possibility of social advance, and of the future of the labor movement, no less than of war and peace, is going to be dominated henceforth by the government's arms plan.

The Coronation will be only the ceremonial trappings of this arms plan. After the Coronation, the National government will be reconstructed under the extreme reactionary, Neville Chamberlain, with the possible inclusion of Winston Churchill (for the divisions within the ruling class have diminished, as the issue between fascism and the popular forces throughout Europe grows sharper). Then, if the labor movement has fallen into the trap of national unity in the Coronation, the National government may very well spring an election, as after the Jubilee, in order to usher in the final war government.

It is also perfectly true that the development of the rearmament program will necessarily mean increasing measures of restriction on civil and industrial liberty (as the sedition act and the recent dismissals of the dockyard workers without charge or hearing have already given warning), the shackling of trade unionism, the advance to military conscription, and the advance to industrial conscription.

The cabinet has announced that it is "not *at present* contemplating the bringing in of a bill for compulsory military training." Taken in conjunction with the declaration of the cabinet minister, Lord Stanhope, last November that "the voluntary system was obviously in grave danger," and the subsequent cabinet statement that "voluntary methods had not yet been exhausted," it is sufficiently clear that the familiar footsteps of the path to conscription, as in 1914-16, are being repeated.

The arms commission report has already laid down that "the problems involved in formulating plans for the conscription of industry in war time will have to be faced and should be faced without delay."

On these grounds alone, the urgency of opposition to the National government's rearmament program is manifest.

But the British labor movement can carry this opposition through to success only if the fight is directed, not merely against the economics of the rearmament program, not merely against its reactionary character, as a menace to the working class and to democracy, but first and foremost against the entire policy of the National government which is expressed in the rearmament program—a policy, not of peace, but of war, not of defense against fascism, but supporting fascism and Reaction and therefore leading to war.

Herein lies the crux of the issue.

The National government is not rearming as the only means to defend peace against the growing menace of war, the threat of Nazi rearmament, and the war offensive of fascism.

On the contrary, the National government is rearming precisely because it refuses to defend peace in common with the other Powers standing for peace, with France and the Soviet Union and the smaller states, because it is in reality supporting fascism and the war offensive of fascism, and therefore has to arm to ensure that the war offensive shall not turn against British imperialistic interests.

It is precisely because the National government has supported and is supporting fascism in Europe, has facilitated and assisted German rearmament, has protected the German-Italian intervention in Spain, has refused to stand by collective peace with the Franco-Soviet pact, that it has now to arm overwhelmingly in order to make sure that the consequent extending fascist aggression shall not turn in the direction of vital British imperialist interests, but shall be deflected to other directions, to the states in central and eastern Europe which Britain is prepared to sacrifice.

This is the secret of the National government's policy.

And this is why the fight against the rearmament program can only be the fight for the defeat of the National government and its entire policy, which is leading to the certainty of ever greater war.

German rearmament would never have reached its present level without the direct support, diplomatic, financial, and material, of the British ruling class.

For the same British ruling class to turn round and make German rearmament the excuse for British rearmament is a two-faced juggling which should deceive no one.

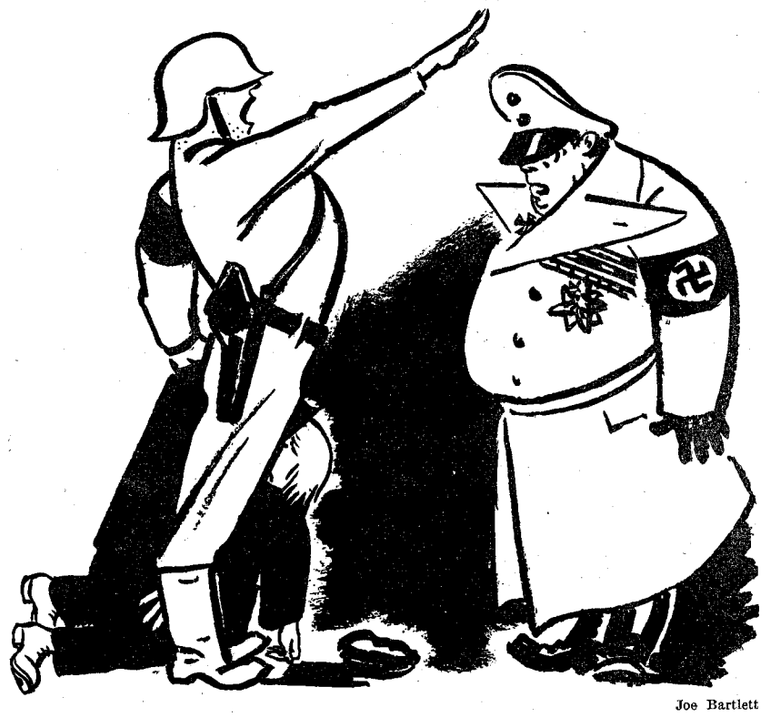
The ever-extending war aggression of fascism could have been checked from the outset, had Britain taken its stand with France and the Soviet Union in an Anglo-French-Soviet pact, which would have rallied all the smaller states, instead of handing them over, demoralized and panic-stricken, to the domination of fascism.

The same deliberate refusal of the policy of peace and choice of the policy of war continues.

In the rearmament debate, Chamberlain admitted that the problem would be "simple," and the present scale of rearmament unnecessary, if they only had to consider how to defeat an aggressor A "with perhaps B and C with whom this country might be in alliance," but that they "were not in alliance with other Powers on whom they might rely."

Yet nothing but the National government's own will prevents such a firm collective stand with France, the Soviet Union, and the smaller states for the maintenance of peace against the war offensive of fascism.

The rearmament program is the inevitable sequel and counterpart of the whole reactionary and pro-fascist policy of the National government. The National government has preferred the support of fascism and Reaction to the support of collective peace. Therefore it has chosen the path of war.



Joe Bartlett

"Another guy caught nibbling at a cannon."

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While working-class and popular opinion is hardening against the arms plan, it is incredible but true that reactionary dominant forces in the leadership of the Labor Party and of the trade unions are moving to coöperation with the National government and its rearmament program.

It is true the Labor Party voted against the arms loan bill. That is something. But the grounds of opposition given in the Labor amendment were so miscellaneous, confused, and weak—running even to the criticism that the government was failing to "coördinate the defense forces"—that at the end, Sir John Simon, replying for the government, was able to claim that on essentials "there was really no deep dispute between the government and the opposition front bench."

Recently there was published the significant statement of the Secretary of the Labor Party that it was incompatible to call for arms for Spanish Democracy and to be "opposed to the defense of our own country." And now comes the even more direct statement of the powerful secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, Mr. R. Marchbanks, in the current *Railway Review*. Our friend, Mr. Marchbanks, says:

> In my judgment it is Labor's solemn duty to define, not in general terms but precisely, for the nation's guidance, the grounds upon which large-scale rearmament has become necessary.

He demands, as the basis for support, "clear and binding assurances" from the government with regard to its foreign policy:

> Labor is not going to put into the government's hands the vast power this program represents without clear and binding assurances about the foreign policy that British arms will support.

What more "assurances" do they want?

The official Labor criticism of the National government's rearmament program complains that the foreign policy behind the program is "ambiguous," "evasive," and "unclear."

Unfortunately, the real policy of the National government is only too clear. If Ethiopia and the Far East have not opened the eyes of these doubters, how can they miss the lesson of Spain today? The Anglo-Italian agreement of January 2 opened the way for and protected the dispatch of 80,000 Italian troops to Spain. We have still to learn—maybe only after a lapse of years—the full text and secret understandings of that famous "gentlemen's agreement."

But when we do learn the truth, it will be no surprise to find that Britain, in return for guarantees to British interests in the Mediterranean, gave Mussolini a free hand for the support of Franco in Spain.

Not only the sequence of events, but also the shameless behavior of the British Chairman, Lord Plymouth, on the Non-Intervention Committee, and the advocacy of the "control" plan to hand over the loyalist coasts of Spain to Italian and German warships, strongly point to this conclusion.

But more is involved than Spain.

In return for what price was Germany induced to yield precedence in the armed occupation of Spain to Italy?

Lithograph by J. Vogel

Portrait of a Militarist

The answer is only too clear.

German preparations are primarily directed elsewhere, to the states of eastern and southeastern Europe, and above all—with increasing openness—to Czechoslovakia.

In Austria the visit of von Neurath was used to stage a Nazi demonstration. Jugoslavia is being brought under German economic control. In Rumania the Hitler-controlled Iron Guard is threatening the government. In Poland the totalitarian dictatorship of Smighly-Rydz has been proclaimed.

Czechoslovakia is to be isolated. The Nazi movement of Henlein is to be used to provoke internal disorder, in order then, on the Spanish model, to advance to German military intervention, supposedly against the "Communist menace."

The Little Entente is to be put out of action by Nazi domination in Jugoslavia and Rumania.

France is to be paralyzed, as over Spain, by the influence of Britain, and by the diversion of the Italian occupation of Spain. Already the Foreign Minister, Yvon Delbos, has given an alarming confession of weakness in his speech in the Chamber:

> The treaties of mutual assistance concluded by France do not envisage events like the Spanish war as an occasion to bring them into operation, since they apply only to unprovoked territorial aggression.

Meanwhile, Britain will call for "non-intervention" and no doubt set up a committee with Germany and Italy to supervise its execution.

Has the free hand awarded by the National government to Italy in Spain been accompanied by a free hand to Germany in central Europe?

The statements of the National government leaders themselves point to this conclusion.

At the very same time as introducing the arms plan Baldwin once again proclaimed the aim of peace in western Europe by a western-European pact.

Recently the House of Lords debated British foreign policy. One noble lord after another demanded the cancellation of the Franco-Soviet pact, and urged a free hand for Nazi aggression. Lord Arnold was especially explicit:

> Because of the Franco-Soviet pact, Germany might feel compelled on the advice of her military staff to attack in the West, and then Great Britain, because of her commitments to France, might be brought into war with Germany.
>
> It should be made clear to Czechoslovakia and other countries in Eastern Europe that British help would not be forthcoming in the event of hostilities breaking out in that area.

Lord Mount Temple, apostle of the Anglo-Nazi alliance, declared that "nine-tenths of the British people abhorred the Franco-Soviet pact."

Lord Plymouth replied for the government. Did he repudiate these statements? On the contrary, he laid down the policy:

> Our armaments might and would be used in defiance of *France and Belgium* against unprovoked aggression. . . . The peace of *western Europe* could best be safeguarded by a treaty of mutual guarantee.

Who can fail to see from all this the real direction of the government's policy behind its rearmament program? There is no room to complain of "ambiguity." The National government is using and will continue to use all its power, based on its gigantic rearmament, to support the cause of Reaction and fascism in Europe, while seeking to protect only the most urgent British imperialist interests.

The National government, if it has its way, will continue the method of Ethiopia and Spain, and sacrifice, one by one, the democratic states of Europe to the fascist offensive.

Then, when fascism straddles across Europe and the remaining democratic people of Europe outside the Soviet Union have been laid low, the National government will come into the field with its completed rearmament program, face to face with Hitler's empire.

Either it will call on the people of Britain to fight fascism in a bloody and terrible war—no longer to save democracy in Europe which it has sacrificed—but for the glorious ideal of the British right to exploit the Cameroons.

Or, alternatively, it will use the threat of its armed might to divert Hitler elsewhere, and drive him to the supreme attack against the Soviet Union, standing behind him in the background, and ready, in case of need, to intervene with its battalions on the side of Germany and Japan and the counter-revolution.

Such are the inspiring perspectives of the National government's policy and its rearmament program. Of what use, in the face of these realities of the government's policy, to ask for "assurances?" As well might the sheep ask for "assurances" from the wolf.

The only way to end this policy is to end the National government.

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The Bad Penny

We might have known that a certain poison pen could be wielded better behind the Franco lines

By Robert Forsythe

JUST when all seemed lost, William P. Carney of the New York *Times* appeared in the camp of General Franco and the tide turned. Mr. Carney, you will remember, is the correspondent who has never yet been able to bear the thought that Franco didn't walk into Madrid in November when the doors were open. In fact, he was heartily chagrined at the action of the loyalist censor in keeping him from informing the world of the great possibilities of the occasion. When Franco didn't come in, Carney went out. From Paris he unburdened his saddened heart, and has been busily catching up with the fascist commander ever since to learn just what went wrong.

The result of his pilgrimage appeared in the *Times* of March 16. It seems that General Franco didn't enter Madrid on that historic day because he wanted to save the city a fate worse than republicanism.

> We desire to spare the horrors of modern warfare to a great city [says the general], most of whose inhabitants have been compelled to remain in it against their wishes. We did not want inoffensive non-combatants, belonging to no Marxist party, to feel the agony of hunger. For military reasons it was desirable to leave a way out open, so that fighting would not have to occur in the city streets, and the destruction of Madrid could be avoided.

Never in the history of warfare has there been a more magnanimous gesture than this. It is true, of course, that after failing to accept Mr. Carney's invitation to enter, General Franco's German and Italian raiders bombed the city constantly for months, but this was undoubtedly only his kindly way of asking why the inhabitants didn't get out. The present struggle to cut the Valencia road is also evidently misunderstood by the loyalists. What it obviously is intended to be is a mere widening process whereby it will be easier for the Madrileños to leave their native hearths.

Furthermore, the general did not want "inoffensive non-combatants, belonging to no Marxist party, to suffer the agony of hunger." To make certain of this, the fascist raiders were careful to confine their bombing and machine-gun raking to those sections of the city where the members of Marxist parties were suffering the pangs of hunger. They specialized on food lines, and nothing more fully shows the kindly nature of Señor Franco than his insistence that only those most accustomed to hunger could be held worthy as well of cold steel.

Madrid is doomed, says General Franco, and its fall will be an irremediable blow to the Leftist forces. Just when the general would know when to enter did not appear in the interview, but obviously it would be only when he was convinced that no stone would be overturned in the capital city, no hair harmed of a patriotic citizen's head. The sensible thing would be to have Mr. Carney again stationed in Madrid giving the signals, but there is little likelihood that he will be invited, even as the distinguished and unprejudiced representative of a great newspaper. The fall of the city will liberate "hundreds of thousands of souls who have had to submit to Red tyranny against their will." The task of holding hundreds of thousands of unwilling souls in Madrid all those months while that road to safety was so wide open, is a triumph which will have to be accredited to the loyalist forces. They were making a great bluff, as is well known, of urging citizens to seek safety, but whenever the hundreds of thousands who were being forced to submit to Red tyranny showed an inclination to depart, the members of Miaja's army would leave the trenches to protest.

"You don't want to go off and leave the old home town," they would say pleadingly to the tyrannized multitude which, overcome by the sublety of such subversive psychology, would return to their bomb-proof cellars and give thanks that General Franco was only destroying the city out of a deep-seated desire to avoid harming it.

Through Mr. Carney, General Franco was commiserating with the loyalist leaders for defending Madrid. "One of the Red general staff's greatest blunders," General Franco responded. "Because of its geographic and strategic position, Madrid, an open city, is doomed to surrender finally. . . . The Reds have always found themselves at a disadvantage when they have met the disciplined Nationalist forces on the open battlefield."

Aimé

"I feel so much better now that Mr. Carney of the 'Times' is safe with General Franco."

The only decent thing for the loyalists to have done would have been to come out and be annihilated like men. General Franco is always being exasperated by the stupidity of the enemy. The war would have been over in no time at all if the loyalists had only adopted a sporting attitude.

But these are minor matters in the greater problem of William P. Carney. There is a rather well-founded suspicion that William is not touched with luck. No matter how often he goes to high mass, he still can't pray the proper army into the proper city at the proper moment. As a reporter, he is subject to lapses which would get him in bad around a precinct station house. Just as he gets all lined up on the sidewalk to welcome the invading fascist army, it stops outside to tie a shoelace, and Carney is left with a dispatch on his hands relating the joy of the citizens on the arrival of their saviors. He no sooner got to Salamanca and heard the happy news of the imminent fall of Madrid than the loyalist militia started knocking the spots off the Italians around Guadalajara. Mr. Carney is going to wake up some morning to find that the Moors have made a white chalk mark on his gate meaning keep away from this jinx. What the Italians say after they get done running will also probably be something.

But the New York *Times* is a brave newspaper, and what little William P. Carney costs it in salary and traveling expenses can be discounted in advance against the possibility that there will be a happy after-life awaiting the editorial staff in a good Catholic heaven. General Franco has promised William that the Spain of the future, the Franco Spain, will be a totalitarian state but "with many original characteristics rather than a marked similarity to the Portuguese, German, or Italian government."

General Franco concludes with some very happily chosen words: "This is a resurrection of a nation opposing foreign invasion with patriotism. Administrative measures already taken and yet to be taken by the Nationalist government are directed solely toward the establishment of a regime of ample social justice in Spain."

Badajoz papers please copy.

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What Happened in Paris

Our correspondent cables some interesting background on the recent outbreak that brought death to Clichy

By Paul Nizan

ON Tuesday night, March 23, in the Parisian suburb of Clichy, the police of Paris fired into a crowd of workers. Five were killed, 200 wounded. What are the facts? What were the causes and what are going to be the consequences?

On Tuesday afternoon, the hired gunmen of the fascist Croix de Feu, the leader of which is Count Col. Casimir de la Rocque, poured into the "Recreative" Cinema, next door to the Town Hall of Clichy. There is no question that the decision to hold such a meeting in the very center of a working-class district constituted a provocation which the republican and laboring population could not permit to pass unchallenged. A counter-demonstration was called by the local People's Front committee. The Clichy deputies and the police authorities came to an agreement on the necessary measures. It seemed that everything would go off quietly.

Adherents of the People's Front began to mass in a little street near the Town Hall at six o'clock in the evening. Order was maintained by the police, who, strange to say, had not received helmets. It is clear that if the streets had been kept clear of fascists from early evening, there would have been no bloody scenes to deplore. The fact that this elementary step was not taken makes the whole episode singularly suspicious.

The workers' demonstration came to a close. The crowd began to swarm back into the little street while the Croix de Feu was still locked in the theater. The large number of demonstrators soon overflowed the inadequate barriers which had been erected. Suddenly the arrival of large numbers of police and riot cars and police reënforcements from Paris—a fact still unexplained at the moment of this writing—caused the crowd of workers to become uneasy. The situation grew tense.

Shots rang out from the Town Hall. It appears that they were fired by a tobacco merchant who is also a local leader of the Croix de Feu. The police opened fire. Who gave the order is still a mystery. Then ensued a veritable man-hunt which lasted all evening and even penetrated into the Town Hall itself. During this attack, thousands of shots were fired by the police barricaded behind riot cars.

Another strange element is the fact that M. Marchand, chief of police of the Clichy municipality, who normally would have been in charge of maintaining order, was absent during the entire first part of the evening. He was represented only by a subordinate. It was not until about half past nine that Marchand arrived on the scene of the conflict, accompanied by Marx Dormoy, Socialist Minister of the Interior.

Premier Léon Blum, accompanied by his wife, also hurried to the scene. He hastened to the Beaujon Hospital, where he spoke to the wounded men. It is worth while to underline this historic detail: Mme. Blum, who had come from the opera, greeted the victims in *decolleté*. Maurice Thorez, general secretary of the Communist Party, arrived on the scene about one o'clock in the morning. An ominous calm now prevailed.

On the next day, the labor and trade-union organizations held special meetings amidst great emotional tension. On Wednesday, the Paris central trade-union council decided to issue a call for a general strike Thursday morning. Depending upon the occupations of the workers, the strikes were to end at either eleven or twelve o'clock.

On Thursday morning, Paris saw for the first time a complete tie-up of all transportation, taxis, subways, and buses. The large factories, banks, and department stores were shut down. It is evident that this demonstration of the anger, power, and discipline of labor played a decisive political role. Once more, it was proven that the French workers are strong enough in their trade-union organization to counteract any fascist threat with a smashing offensive.

Grave difficulties were expected in the Chamber of Deputies. None occurred. The profound desire for the unity of the People's Front is still capable of overcoming every maneuver against it cooked up by politicians of the right or even by "Radicals."

The general causes of the "affaire Clichy" are clear. It is another example of the impunity with which the French Social Party and the French People's Party, crude camouflages of the fascist leagues, are permitted to pursue their activity and stage provocations.

In the past two months, the fascists have spilled much blood without any energetic action by the government. Furthermore, the fascist leagues have gained accomplices among certain police chiefs.

The Blum government initiated certain political measures against the most discredited "Chiappists" [Chiappe is the notorious fascist who headed the Paris police department during the riots of February 6-9, 1934] among the top ranks of the police. These measures were unquestionably inadequate, and even today the leading officials of the *Sureté Nationale* [national police], the army, the local police, and the courts are polluted with fascist influences. The lower ranks of the police are still greatly influenced by the police prefect who trained them, Chiappe.

It is clear that the organizers of the provocation hoped that a monster street battle would give them an opportunity to swing public opinion, particularly the Radical Socialist Party, against the Communists, whom they hoped would be held responsible for the "affaire Clichy." It is unfortunate that the Clichy provocation seems indirectly to have furthered the so-called "pause" in initiating reforms which was recently announced by the government.

This "pause" has revealed a certain weakness of the government under the pressure of the reactionaries in French economic and political life. But the provocation succeeded "too well." Its organizers did not expect such a toll of dead and wounded by the police. The very breadth of the demonstration resulted in a popular reaction against the provocation which, to some degree, has balked their plans.

It is clear that in such a situation, the wrath and indignation of the workers would assume immense proportions if measures against the fascists were not immediately taken.

In a great meeting of 40,000 Communists on Thursday night in the immense Velodrome d'Hiver, Maurice Thorez declared that the tragic event in Clichy, the night before, was the straw which broke the camel's back. For, confronted with its martyrs, the working class can point to a whole series of events to justify its wrath, particularly the economic retreat to which the government has consented under pressure from the financial barons of French capitalism. The workers are wrathful against the inadequacy of the steps taken by the government against the fascists.

If a true republican order is really to be created in France, the whole question of the existence of the fascist leagues must immediately be reconsidered by the government. They must be put out of business at once. The civil service, the police, and the army must be purged of fascist pollution at once.

This process must be accelerated if the government wishes to retain its contact with the masses who put it into office. It must not put a brake on the execution of the program of the People's Front. It must take economic measures to aid the lower civil service employees, the unemployed, and the aged.

This is the only road open to continue the great experiment which France began last May.

A "pause"? Yes. But it is a "pause" which must be forced upon the enemies of the French people, not upon the people themselves.

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William Gropper

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THE sit-down strikes reached a new peak, both numerically and in effectiveness, during the week, with workers from coast to coast employing the militant new tactic. Despite these widespread strikes, however, the eyes of the nation were centered upon Detroit, where 200,000 automobile workers, aroused over the court eviction orders granted to the Chrysler Corp. last week against 6000 employees holding nine plants, waited determinedly for a general strike call. Adding fuel to the fire, Detroit police ignored the general strike threat and continued their eviction of workers from Chrysler and Hudson plants. Homer Martin, president of the Automobile Workers' Union, in a letter to Governor Murphy, demanded a square deal for the workers, and insisted that the Chrysler Corp. abide by the Wagner Labor Act. Murphy had previously been attacked by progressive union leaders throughout the country for his threat to use militia; his words reversed his stand in the first General Motors sit-down strike of a month ago.

With labor taking the lead in Detroit, workers elsewhere responded to the surge of militancy in dozens of cities and industries. A general retail store strike, excepting only food and drug shops, was won in Providence, R. I. The five-and-dime store strikes, which began in Detroit and Chicago a month ago and then spread to the Grand chain in New York, continued to grow, with Woolworth girls sitting down to demand a $20-a-week minimum wage and a reduction in working hours. In one of the Woolworth stores, police arrested fifty-six strikers and three union officials. The C.I.O., guiding spirit of the sit-downs, opened its campaign to organize the million and a quarter textile workers of the nation. In New Jersey, workers at the Belber Trunk & Bag Co. belonging to the Suitcase, Bag, & Portfolio Workers' Union signed an agreement with the company, further advancing the C.I.O.'s inroads into New Jersey industry in the face of Governor Hoffman's threatened opposition.

IN New London, Tex., a mass of blood-covered bricks, and the dismembered bodies of almost five hundred pupils ranging in age from six to eighteen, were the monument and tomb of "the richest rural school in the world," which crashed when gas seepage from adjoining oil wells (owned by the Rockefellers) exploded. Doctors stated that only sixty or seventy of the injured pupils were expected to live. Gas odors had been detected in the building for many months, but there was no state law requiring periodic inspection of schools. At an investigation under way as this issue went to press, school officials admitted that a "tapped" gas line was responsible for the catastrophe.

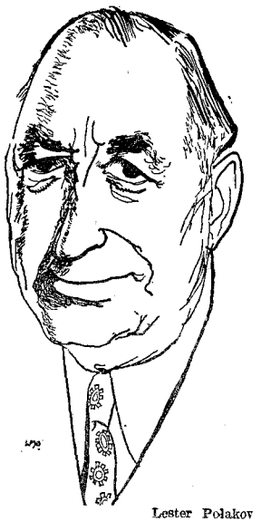
Following this disaster, while mass burials were in progress throughout the stricken region, an announcement was made by the C.I.O. that its drive to organize the oil fields would be initiated at a meeting of the International Executive Committee of the Oil Field, Gas Well, & Refinery Workers' Union

Covering the events of the week ending March 22, 1937

to be held in Houston, Tex., on April 5. Preparations were under way for the creation of a staff of 200 organizers under the direction of the Oil Workers' Organizing Committee, set up by the recent C.I.O. meeting in Washington.

THE unparalleled wave of sit-downs was not without repercussions in Washington—and for the most part they were repercussions of an ominous sort. The Senate, which had been carefully avoiding the delicate subject, let loose a sudden flurry of denunciation when Senator Johnson (R., Cal.), out of a clear sky, warned darkly of the fascist menace. "The most ominous thing in our national economic life today," said the New Deal Republican, "is the sit-down strike. . . . If the sit-down strike is carried on with the connivance or the sympathy of the public authorities, then the warning signals are out, and down that road lurks dictatorship."

Seconding Johnson's veiled invitation to the administration to step in and smash the rising C.I.O., Senator Lewis (D., Ill.) asked: "Is the United States a government? If these strikes and protests against any and every form of order in society or government circumvent the due processes of peaceful government, what will be the end?" Answering his own question, Lewis predicted "an assault upon every form of peaceful government in America," and reminded the Senate that "in every hour such as this there awaits another Hitler and there lurks another Mussolini." Agreeing with his colleagues that the sit-down was "unlawful," Senator Robinson (D., Ark.) differed only on the question of blaming the administration. "Until the Supreme Court has passed upon the validity of the statute," he said, referring to the Wagner Labor Relations Act, "it is exceedingly difficult to make advancement."



Lester Polakov

Chrysler—Won court ouster

Two days later a similar storm broke when Senator Ellender (D., La.) denounced John L. Lewis as "a traitor to American ideals and a menace to the peace and prosperity of the nation." To which Senator Borah retorted: "We cannot properly appraise that situation by considering alone the physical fact of workmen holding possession of property not their own against the proper owner. We cannot appeal for law and order, or appeal for the majesty of the law, to one sector of the economic circle. . . . If you have an economic system which gathers in the dimes and quarters and the half-dollars from the common people of the United States through artificial prices and pours them into the coffers of a few great corporations . . . you cannot maintain a healthy economic or financial condition in this country." Senator Black (D., Ala.) placed the blame for the sit-downs squarely on the shoulders of the Supreme Court, which he saw as an "insuperable, impossible obstacle to the passage of laws which would correct the abuses that have brought on the strike in Michigan."

OF more immediate significance than the senators' reactionary attempts to check the swift-moving C.I.O. was the authoritative report that important labor legislation has been prepared by the administration for submission to Congress when and if the President's court proposal goes through. The new program, said to have been worked out after a careful study of foreign labor laws, calls for a government appeal board to which both labor and employer would turn in the event of failure to reach an agreement. Should either side refuse to abide by the board's decision, recourse would be taken to publicity, with public sentiment expected to "afford some sort of punishment in the event the public found either side to be in the wrong." Several large employers are said to have been consulted in working out the details of the plan and are reported to be sympathetic. No important labor leader appears to have had a hand in framing the program.

High spots of the week's battle to enlarge the Supreme Court were surprise statements by two of the justices. Speaking extemporaneously at a small gathering, Justice McReynolds hit a new low for judicial intelligence when he attempted to reduce the issue to a question of "sportsmanship." With a majority of the Court committed beforehand to a program of blocking any attempt to relieve the misery of millions of Americans, McReynolds could only conclude that "a man who has had a chance to present a fair case to a fair tri-

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bunal must be a good sport and accept the outcome." The second statement came from Chief Justice Hughes, who, in a letter to Senator Wheeler, declared that the President's proposal "would not promote the efficiency of the court." Hughes confined his comments to the question of efficiency, "apart from any question of policy," and stated that Justices Van Devanter and Brandeis concurred in his view. The Court came in for a strong denunciation by Justice Ferdinand Pecora of the New York Supreme Court. While praising the Roosevelt court program before the Senate Judiciary committee, Pecora took occasion to defend the sit-down strikers of Michigan. "Never forget," he told the committee, "that sit-down strikes in defiance of law originated in the lofty seats of high finance before the technique was merely copied by working men and women." The judge referred particularly to violations of the Securities Act and the flat refusal of employers to abide by the Wagner Labor Relations Act.

ONE more instance of the importance the administration attaches to the court program came in a statement by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, who warned that the country was headed for another boom and another collapse, even more drastic than that of 1929. "I think very definitely," said Wallace, "that the government does not have sufficient power now to effectively mitigate the wide swings of the business cycle." Substantiating the secretary's warning was a statement of the American Federation of Labor to the effect that the "danger signals" of another depression were already flying, owing to the policy followed by industry of boosting profits and dividends while offsetting wage increases by higher prices.

The House of Representatives gave itself another black eye during the week by adopting the McReynolds neutrality resolution, which, if approved by the Senate, will play directly into the hands of the fascists in the Spanish struggle. "This bill creates nothing but a partnership with aggressor nations," Representative Maas (R., Minn.) told the House. "If our policy becomes general, it means that a few militaristic powers can gobble up the rest of the world. The passage of this bill will usher in the greatest rampage of militaristic conquests the world has ever seen." And Representative Bernard (F.-L., Minn.) attacked both the McReynolds bill and the Pittman resolution in the Senate as lumping together "the robber and the robbed, the murderer and the murdered." Nevertheless, the vote in favor of the resolution was 374 to 12, with only two of the House progressives sticking to their guns.

THE Mussolini myth of irresistible military prowess was punctured during the week by the panicky rout of four divisions of Italian "volunteers" on the Guadalajara front. For the first time, the fascist high command found it necessary to admit a "strategic retreat." But only a crushing defeat could account for the "strategy" of leaving behind huge stores of war materials, including 2,000,000 cartridges, thousands of trucks, gas masks, and machine guns which were immediately turned on their former owners. Propaganda in the rebel trenches, superior air power, and the Garibaldi Battalion of Italian anti-fascists were given chief credit for the loyalists' victory. The latter not only recaptured all the territory gained by the rebels two weeks ago, but continued to push forward towards Siguenza, chief insurgent base of operations in the entire region. London cables stated that Mussolini hurried home from Libya in order to spike final arrangements for the long-awaited blockade of Spanish ports so that he might rush reënforcements to avenge his injured pride. General Miaja, loyalist chief of staff, only made matters worse for the dictator's ego by making public a message sent by Mussolini to General Mancini, commanding the Italian "volunteers": "to crush the international forces will be a great success, especially in its political aspect," wrote Mussolini even as his legions were abandoning key positions. Added indications that anything but success, "especially in its political aspect," had resulted from this latest venture was British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden's announcement that "urgent inquiries" would be made in Rome concerning official reports that Italy had violated the non-intervention agreement by landing "volunteers" in Cadiz on March 5, last.

Haile Hendrix

Pius XI—Dislikes Nordic myths

EIGHT Puerto Rican nationalist leaders in Atlanta penitentiary proved that bars could not keep them from inspiring their people, thousands of miles away, to a demonstration which again put their cause on the front page. At least seven people were killed and about fifty wounded when police trained machine guns on the demonstrators in Ponce, second leading city in Puerto Rico. According to the official version, Mayor Ormes of Ponce granted a permit for the demonstration, but Police Chief Enrique de Orbeta turned thumbs down; the nationalists, determined to attain the island's freedom from the United States, decided to go ahead with their plans. Spokesmen for the demonstrators claimed that the police were guilty of shooting into the crowd without provocation, and pointed to the fact that nobody opened fire until the demonstration had reached the heart of the city. It was added that the police would have stopped the demonstration at its inception had no provocation been intended.

"HERE speaks an illegal broadcasting station in Germany of the German Communist Party." Every night at ten, a high-powered radio station, heard throughout Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Germany, was reported broadcasting news about Spain, conditions in Hitler Germany, and the democratic tradition of Germany in the past. The station boasted that its broadcasts would be continued by another station if it was discovered and put out of business. This increase in Communist activity coincided with a renewed outburst of Catholic resentment against Nazi repression of religious belief. Pope Pius unexpectedly issued an encyclical charging that Nazis had violated the 1933 concordat with the Vatican and castigating the new fascist-encouraged "Nordic" mythology. The Pope's letter was read in practically all Catholic pulpits, though the Gestapo succeeded in confiscating a few copies of the message before it reached its destination. Hitler's personal mouthpiece, the *Voelkischer Beobachter,* struck back at the encyclical by hinting, rather broadly, that the Reich might break off relations with the Vatican. Communists and Catholics may be plaguing the Nazis from the outside, but there is also strong indication of dissension inside; Finance Minister Hjalmar Schacht was reappointed to his important post of president of the Reichsbank for one year instead of the usual four. Observers concluded that the Nazis did not want to have their hands tied for so long a period in case they soon decide to give Schacht the boot.

The stormy conflict between a People's Front demonstration and police at Clichy (see page 7) again put the dissolution of the fascist leagues on the order of the day in France. Communist deputy Maurice Thorez visited Premier Léon Blum in company with a delegation from the Left parties to press for the early end of the French Social Party, camouflaged substitute for Count Col. de la Rocque's Croix de Feu. As planned, 150,000 Paris workers went out on a general strike aimed at the fascists, not the government. "Enough blood spilled—we demand purification of the police and the administration," read one big banner. A printers' strike prevented de la Rocque from issuing his paper, but nothing prevented him from threatening Premier Blum with "immense uprisings" if the workers' demand for the dissolution of his armed gang were granted. It was considered doubtful that Premier Blum would take an early initiative towards this end.

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Ireland's Easter Rebellion

The Irish Volunteers and the lads of the Red Hand of Ulster took to brother lead and sister steel in their defense against the tyrant Crown

By Blaine Owen

NIGHT in Dublin, April 22, 1916. A pair of Metropolitan Police stand silent in their heavy helmets, their brass buttons gleaming in the flickering carbon light which shines on a billboard behind them.

"Enlist!" scream the great letters of the billboard. "Save Catholic Belgium!"

Few people move about the streets of Dublin this night. The D.M.P. men move on slowly, swinging their batons, meet their sergeant, salute, move on again slowly. The quiet is unnatural, tense.

Three spots in Dublin are not quiet. In three scattered sections of the city, loud talk and strong words are being spoken behind locked doors.

Behind the barred windows of huge, gloomy Dublin Castle, General Maxwell strides up and down the great conference room in the natty uniform of the British army as he speaks to the gathered officers of the British Military Command and frock-coated Dublin Castle government officials.

An official paper lies on the table. "At last," they are saying among themselves, "we can go ahead." For the official document carries the order from London to disarm the Irish who have been defying his majesty's imperial rule, marching defiant through the streets of the city, and stopping trams and traffic for their parades.

Only half a mile away, across the River Liffey, Professor Eoin MacNeill strokes his reddish-gray, close-cropped beard, and speaks as commander-in-chief to the assembled leaders of the Irish Volunteers. Some shift in their seats, then rise and speak their minds.

"We've dallied too long," speaks up young Ned Daly, thin and stern. "And now," he says, "we must strike and keep faith with our men who have drilled for two long years, awaiting."

But the O'Rahilly shakes his head gravely. "MacNeill is right, boys, we've got to wait a while longer yet."

Decision and plans for strong action in Dublin Castle. Hesitancy, wavering, in Wynn's Hotel. Who then will sound the call to the people to go out and defend themselves against the order to disarm? . . .

FACING the riverfront, two quiet longshoremen stood before the narrow entrance of an old brick hotel, holding their rifles easily, their hat-brims pinned back with the Red Hand of Ulster insignia. Across the face of the building over their heads stretched a large sign: "We serve neither King nor Kaiser," the sign said, "but Ireland." Below this were the words, "Liberty Hall. Office, Irish Transport and General Workers."

Inside, the broad shoulders of James Connolly threw a giant shadow across the marked and marred table where a draft of a "Proclamation of the Republic" was spread. Other leaders of the Citizens' Army clustered around, decisive, determined.

It was close to midnight when a small group of men marched up the riverfront and presented themselves to the sentries before Liberty Hall. "Volunteers," they said, and passed, Ned Daly in the lead, to take their places with the men inside.

All night they discussed, debated, and planned, these men of Ireland's army of the workers. The Citizens' Army, which they headed, had been formed three years before as a defense squad for the great Dublin Strike in 1913.

Guns had been smuggled to them by night from fellow-workers in other lands. Food had come to them from the mines and factories of England, Scotland, and Wales following Jim Larkin's "Fiery Cross" campaign. A righteous hatred of British oppression had been strengthened by a class hatred of the wealthy Irish allies of the Crown, when William Martin Murphy, the Heart of Ireland, had armed "scabs," and the Royal Irish Police had been sent against strikers.

Dawn of Easter Sunday saw three groups of messengers speeding from conference rooms. From Dublin Castle, Lancers galloped away carrying orders to captains and majors: "Disarm the Irish."

The O'Rahilly sped from Dublin by automobile, carrying the word for the priests of the countryside to announce from the pulpits: "No Easter parade." This was the decision of Prof. Eoin MacNeill and most of his followers.

R. Gikow

But from Liberty Hall, boys and girls of the Fianna (Irish Pioneers) ran out and cycled forth to the poorer sections of Dublin. Young Paul Reveres of the Citizens' Army, they carried the call to arms.

"We will march on Easter Monday," they said. "For Ireland."

This was not a quick decision of a handful of men, nor even a first step for freedom. Every generation in Ireland for close to two centuries had been stirred by desperate attempts to break the bonds of Britain's rule. Easter 1916 was a natural outcome of this almost continuous struggle.

TEN O'CLOCK in the morning, and sixteen hundred men stood about the union hall, griping their guns, some of them laughing, some of them quiet and somber. Half wore the Sam Browne belts and the Red Hand of Ulster badge of the Citizens' Army. The others, mingled with them, wore the dark-green uniform of the Irish Volunteers and the round, bronze I. V. badge on their visored caps, the harp in the center.

Sean Connolly headed one column, waiting for the word to march. Jim came out of the hall, his round face haggard from the three days and nights of conferences and planning. "All right," he said.

Just then a small, dark-haired man broke past the guards calling, "Jim, hi there, Jim." It was a Jewish clothing worker, Wicks, who had taken the Easter holiday to come over from London and see his friend Jim Connolly. "What's up?" he wanted to know.

"We're going out to take a crack at the old empire," Connolly answered.

"I'm with you," Wicks came back. "Give me a rifle." And he dropped into line with the first column to march away, toward City Hall, Sean Connolly in the lead.

Seven blocks away, the rifles of the old empire blazed forth from the sentry boxes which flanked Dublin Castle, and little Wicks dropped face forward on the paving blocks of Paine Street. But Irish bullets answered quickly, and the column swung on to Dublin's City Hall.

The firing began in earnest on both sides, and the square was alive with whistling death. Suddenly a cheer went up from the doorways and windows about the square, and men paused in the act of loading or cocking just long enough to see Sean Connolly, standing

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straight in the sun on the roof of the Hall, hauling down the colors of the British Empire. Another cheer, louder this time, came as he hoisted in its place the tricolor of the early United Irishmen.

Halfway up the pole, the rope jerked once, and the green, white, and orange colors stopped. An English bullet had dropped Sean Connolly. But the flag, which was later to become the emblem of the Irish Free State, was then being run to the top of the staff over the fortress-like General Post Office, some blocks away, occupied by Patrick Pearse, Tom Clark, Jim Connolly, and the headquarters command, while other columns took over buildings in key spots of the city.

High noon of the Easter Monday holiday heard the Proclamation of the Irish Republic read from the steps of the Post Office, and Pat Pearse, as provisional president of the Republic, addressed the gathered crowd while armed workers stood sentry on the roof and others built sandbag barricades in the windows.

The cry went up that the English soldiers were coming in force, and presently a company of lancers galloped toward them in brilliant military formation. Then the rifles of the Citizens' Army and Irish Volunteers barked from the streets and windows. Six riders pitched from their horses with the first volley. The rest wheeled and gave spur to their horses. "Did you see the Grand National being run?" Dubliners asked each other later, when speaking of the flashing retreat of the lancers.

Railway depots were seized and rails torn up on the line to Kingstown, where troops and munitions could land. The Canal circling the city was taken over by the rebels and guards placed on all bridges. Telephone wires were cut—all but a secret one to Dublin Castle, which was accidentally overlooked, and which gave the reactionary forces contact with their friends outside.

Great guns boomed from British men-of-war anchored offshore, and incendiary shells dropped on Liberty Hall, on the General Post Office, and on other buildings in the center of the city.

General Vane attacked the canal bridge at Mount Street with the Seventh Battalion of British regulars, and twice was repulsed with casualties of eighteen officers and 256 men killed and wounded. Rusty revolvers and short carbines were fished from old trunks and attic corners to defend the city. Women stood watch in window corners, and Fianna boys sniped with the men from the housetops.

Few shots were wasted by the Irish, and less than a hundred rebels were lost during the week's heavy fighting. But they waited in vain for the aid from the provinces which was to answer the expected British encirclement of Dublin.

The O'Rahilly was able to tell them why, when he returned. For it had been he who had taken the message to the countryside not to march, while telegrams were broadcast by Prof. O'Neill and read in hundreds of pulpits.

But with the rifles popping about him, the O'Rahilly, too, grabbed his gun and fought to defend Dublin. He, too, was to lose his life as a result of his own previous sabotaging message to the provinces.

Five days the rebel flag flew, without a moment of respite from the rifle and artillery fire of the British forces. A thousand men were on the march to the aid of the Dubliners. More were joining at almost every milestone along the way. Liam Mellows, at their head, son of a British soldier, had been the first secretary of the Volunteers and was the organizer of the Fianna youth organization. There were five days of heroic defense of their city before the invading troops gained the upper hand.

Then battalion after battalion marched into Dublin behind the hated Union Jack. Cordons were thrown about block after block of tenements and homes. Men, women, and children were dragged from homes and beds.

"Enlist, Save Catholic Belgium!" The posters still screamed, while barracks were turned into crowded prisons — Portobello, Arbor Hill, Kilmainham, Mountjoy. Citizens, Army men, Volunteers, trade unionists, women and children—anyone who hated the British was suspect, and everybody hated the British. The small band who had continued to hold the Post Office finally were forced to march out of the flaming building and lay their arms at the foot of the Parnell monument.

The courtyard of Arbor Hill Barracks echoed with the sharp crackle of firing squads carrying out the orders of drumhead courts-martial. Jails and barracks overflowed with prisoners constantly being rounded up from the cities and provinces following the surrender.

The echo of the executioners' guns vied with a growing roar of protest from workers all over Ireland, England, Scotland, and Wales. Cables came even from Australia and America. And prisoners were not safe behind walls in seething Ireland of those flaming days. So ships of the fleet were loaded in the dead of night with hundreds of revolutionaries, and steamed off to England, where Irish filled Knutsford, Lincoln, Dartmoor, Wormwood Scrubbs, and other prisons.

Painting by Jean Guérin

Day after day, fluttering official announcements would be posted by a grim-faced adjutant on the bulletin board of Dublin Castle. Con Gilbert was tried, found guilty, and executed at dawn yesterday, the posted *communiqué* would say. Tom Clarke, Eamonn Ceannt, Ned Daly, Michael Mallin, Sean Heuston, Joseph Plunkett—all their names appeared one after the other on the deserted bulletin board. Then Patrick and William Pearse were shot, and their friend Thomas MacDonagh.

Flying columns of troops were sent into the countryside, to County Galway, County Louth, County Wexford, where the town of Enniscorthy had been seized when word had reached them of the uprising in Dublin, and to Drogheda. Arrests were made wholesale, even in places where no parade or fighting had taken place.

One British officer, later admitted to be insane, didn't even bother about a secret court-marshal, but took three Irish suspects out and had them shot on his own responsibility.

The news spread miraculously, no one knew quite how, until regiments in India mutinied before the Crown, and soldiers in Flanders fields laid down their arms in protest. The executions must be stopped, was the swelling cry.

Jim Connolly lay under guard in the military hospital, his leg smashed by a dum-dum bullet, his side torn open with another wound. But the drumhead court-martial decreed that five more British bullets must tear into his torn body for the glory of His Majesty the King and the imperial law of John Bull.

They propped him up before the firing squad, this man who had been carried from his bed. "Don't be afraid," he mumbled to the soldiers who stood before him. Then the guns spoke. Sean MacDermott hobbled to his place before the wall leaning on his stick to aid his crippled legs. The guns spoke again. But they were not to speak the last word.

From Connolly House in Dublin today come daily the strong words of the revolutionaries of the Easter Rebellion of '16. The Hearst of Ireland, William Martin Murphy, pressed for Connolly's murder in '16, and the fascists burned the building in '34. But the fire of Connolly's words and his example can never be extinguished, for they are burned into the hearts of the Irish people, still sweating under the heel of British imperialism.

"We are out to free Ireland for the Irish. But who are the Irish?" asked Connolly. "Not the rack-renting, slum-owning landlord, not the sweating, profit-grinding capitalist, not the sleek and oily lawyer, not the prostitute press man—the hired liars of the enemy.

"Not these, but the Irish working class, the only secure foundation upon which a free nation can be reared. The cause of labor is the cause of Ireland. They cannot be dissevered!"

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The Story of John L. Lewis

Puzzling and fighting his way through the jungle of wrong-headed policies left by Gompers gave the miners' chief a very good schooling

By Bruce Minton and John Stuart

IN THE fourteen years that followed the 1919 bituminous coal strike, John L. Lewis watched the United Mine Workers lose membership and its power steadily diminish. During this time Lewis was to learn that so long as he followed the lead of the A.F. of L. executive council, which in turn received its direction from the Gompers heritage, the United Mine Workers were doomed to ineffectiveness. Whatever mistakes Lewis made in this period were the mistakes of decades of A. F. of L. leadership. For Lewis they became a reservoir of experience which he eventually drew upon in his attempt to transfuse life into the American labor movement.

By 1920, Lewis had been officially elected to the presidency of the United Mine Workers. Because of his retreat during the 1919 strike, he faced dissension in the union. The militant Alexander Howat, president of the Kansas district, defied Lewis by leading a strike against a newly passed state law instituting compulsory arbitration. When Howat was jailed, he continued to conduct the strike from his cell. Lewis opposed the strike on the ground that it violated a contract between the union and the operators. Actually, Lewis reasoned that Howat's open opposition would obstruct the official leadership of the U.M.W. Lewis removed Howat and the Kansan's supporters from the union. The conflict between the two men stretched over many years; Lewis, however, managed to retain his original victory though the running fight split, and so weakened, the union.

Likewise, he quarreled with the Illinois district president, Frank Farrington, a far different man from Howat. Farrington, corrupt and reactionary, was building a strong place for himself in the Middle West by arousing discontent against Lewis among the rank and file. Lewis sparred cautiously with Farrington for years, waiting for an opening which would allow him to demolish the Illinois clique. Finally, in 1925, with Farrington in Europe, Lewis disclosed that the district president was receiving $25,000 a year from the Peabody Coal Co. Farrington admitted the charge. But his expulsion by no means ended the factional war which he had promoted, and as a result the membership of the United Mine Workers dwindled.

Again, in the 1922 bituminous strike to preserve the 1920 wage scale, Lewis pursued a short-sighted policy. On the first day of the strike, he signed a contract with the employers in western Kentucky whereby the miners resumed work in that district in return for an extension of the old terms until the following year. A few days later, he signed two-year contracts for southeastern Kentucky and Tennessee. The flow of coal from these sections hampered the progress of the nation-wide strike.

Soriano

"Organization upon an industrial basis."

Unfortunately, Lewis's lack of vision did not end here. He greeted the spontaneous walkout of nearly 100,000 non-union miners in southern Pennsylvania with delight—but when it came to signing contracts at the strike's conclusion, Lewis abandoned them to the mercy of the operators. His excuse was that the industry included "twice too many mines and twice too many miners." To preserve the bargaining strength and jobs of the U.M.W. membership in the face of an oversupply of miners, Lewis mistakenly deserted the non-union fields where, lacking organization, the miners were unable to resist disastrous wage cuts. The competitive advantage thus gained by the non-union operators over those operators who had signed wage contracts with the U.M.W. provided an excuse for the owners of union mines to violate contracts. And Lewis discovered that his attempt to save the U.M.W. by excluding the "surplus" workers from the United Mine Workers not only did not help the union, but seriously threatened its very existence. Partial unionization failed; it was another lesson which later caused Lewis to realize not only the necessity of organizing all the mines, but also all industry.

The 1922 strike ended with another victory that in reality was another setback. Membership in the U.M.W. decreased. The union was forced by terror and injunction to withdraw from one district after the other. Gone were Alabama and West Virginia. Union control vanished in Colorado, Utah, Texas, Maryland, Virginia. When Lewis extended the bituminous contract in 1924 for three more years—the famous Jacksonville agreement—he achieved this agreement only by paying a stiff price for it: he relinquished western Kentucky, and maintained only nominal control over less than one quarter of the mines and miners in Oklahoma, less than two-thirds of the miners in Arkansas. Within a year, the owners were violating the Jacksonville agreement: 110 mines in Pennsylvania alone shifted to open shop.

In an attempt to preserve the Jacksonville agreement, the U.M.W. called another strike in 1927. But Lewis now knew that the owners were too powerful for the union to expect improved conditions; he raised the slogan, "No backward step." Years of negotiations, the method Lewis had learned from Gompers, had undermined the principle of blanket agreements covering all union mines. Now the U.M.W. had no alternative but to allow each district to settle on whatever terms it could obtain from the operators.

The inevitable result was loss of membership. The United Mine Workers fell from 402,700 members in 1924 to approximately 150,000 members in 1932. For all his energy and determination, Lewis closed his twelfth year as president of the U.M.W. with the operators more secure in their oppressive power than they had been for thirty years.

The blame did not rest solely with Lewis. During the war, the coal industry had expanded; by 1923, the capacity of bituminous mines alone surpassed one billion tons. Production never exceeded half this tonnage. Oil, gas, electric power, improved combustion methods, rationalization of processes in the railway and iron-and-steel industries restricted the already oversupplied market still further. The price of coal sank; operators speeded up the workers, mechanized the mines, chiseled wages. In three years, 200,000 miners were squeezed out of the industry; those still able to find employment averaged 171 work days a year. The disparity between the labor supply and the falling demand helped shatter union standards and union strength. In the space of twelve months, the number of non-union mines increased from 40 percent to 60 percent. The southern coal fields, 50 percent organized during the war, by 1927 had completely succumbed to the open shop. Moreover, the output of non-union districts rose precipitously; the unorganized fields in West Virginia and Kentucky produced 23 percent

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of the nation's coal in 1920; by 1927, they supplied 41 percent. In these open-shop districts, wages remained at a depressed level of $3 a day or lower, contrasted to the wages of $7.50 a day supposedly maintained in the union mines. The consequence was a shifting of orders to those mines where the low price of coal reflected the starvation wages. To complete the gloomy picture, union-mine operators met this competition by violating wage contracts.

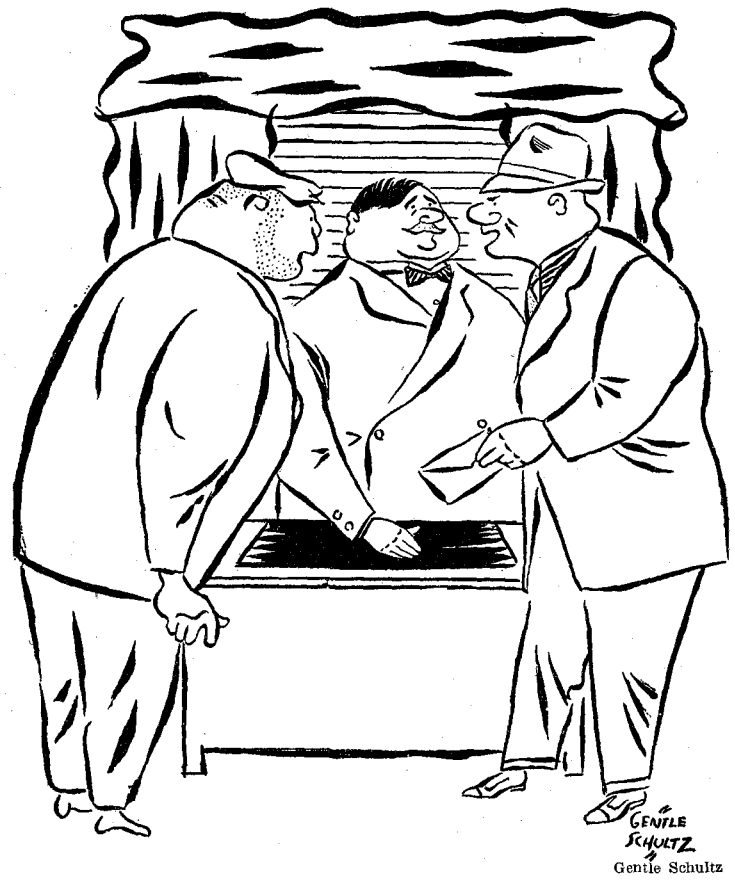
The federal government, moreover, coöperated whole-heartedly with the anti-union offensive. Not only did the Coolidge administration grant open-shop operators preferential freight rates, thus penalizing those owners still abiding by their union contracts, but in addition the courts willingly responded to employers' demands for strike-breaking injunctions. Typical was Judge Langham's order in 1927 banning all meetings and songs on a lot more than a quarter of a mile from a struck Pennsylvania mine, and prohibiting any demonstration within hearing of scabs. (The judge had $6000 invested in the coal company to which the injunction was granted, but he assured the miners that his financial interests in no way influenced his decision.) Another judge upheld a coal corporation's wholesale eviction of 450 striking miners. A third ruled that pickets must be English-speaking American citizens. Still another forbade the Wheeling, Pa., Ladies' Auxiliary of the local union to hold meetings. Mass picketing was declared illegal repeatedly. The courts, along with the state police, proved invaluable to the operators in mopping up the remaining outposts of the U.M.W.

John Lewis, who had long ago fooled a foreman by stuffing clay into a dead mule's wounds, could not fool himself or his union by thundering "No backward step!" Something was wrong. It was only a matter of time before the United Mine Workers would be composed of a few officials and no membership.

No matter how anxiously John L. Lewis, protégé of Gompers, scratched his massive head, he was unable to scratch up a solution. For ten years he had been bargaining in the name of the U.M.W.; each time the employers contracted with the union, he considered the agreement another victory. Invariably, the owners violated the terms. And Lewis began to feel that his conciliatory tactics destroyed unity of action and failed to utilize the advantages accruing from industrial organization.

Above all, Lewis had no ultimate objective. Like the craft officials who influenced him, he stressed immediate economic gains, pursuing a day-to-day, hand-to-mouth program that he increasingly modified into non-existence. He was without awareness of class relationships, which prevented him from perceiving that unenforceable contracts between employers and workers offered no solution to the ever-present struggle between capital and labor. More vital still, he failed to realize that while the great majority of American workers remained unorganized, the U.M.W. or any other organized segment of the working class was isolated and predestined to failure.

In vain Lewis sought a way out through legislation, and thereby broke from the strict non-political position of the craft unions. From 1920 on, the economist of the U.M.W., W. Jett Lauck, had been drawing up legislation designed to control industry. None of these proposals ever passed Congress. Nor was Lewis clear on what legislative course he favored: in 1919, he opposed nationalization of the mines; in 1922, he advocated some sort of federal regulation; three years later, in his book *The Miner's Fight for American Standards,* he defended the free play of economic law. It was only in 1933, after America had experienced over four years of depression and unemployment, after he had seen the United Mine Workers unable to resist the powerful monopolies unified by interlocking directorates, that Lewis, still thinking purely as a unionist, finally concluded that not only must wages be fixed and employment guaranteed in the coal industry, but in all other industry as well. For these concessions, he was willing to strike bargains with the employers.



Gentle Schultz

"We're a couple of college boys from New Jersey. The governor recommended us."

In his attempt to prevent the United Mine Workers from succumbing wholly to the anti-union drive, Lewis tended to block any move by the rank and file to democratize the union. At conventions, Lewis steadfastly disregarded or overruled adverse decisions. He expelled John Brophy, president of a western Pennsylvania district, and the Socialist, Powers Hapgood, accusing them of attempting to split the union. (Both Brophy and Hapgood, along with other expelled progressives, were welcomed back to the U.M.W. by Lewis in 1936 when the Committee for Industrial Organization began to organize steel.) He fell back on Red-baiting, denouncing the Communists and persuading the 1927 convention to bar Communists from membership in the United Mine Workers. He wriggled out of difficult situations by bewildering the delegates with words none of them understood. With the fight in the Kansas district at its height, he talked long and loud of the "imbroglio" and tricked the convention into voting his way. He had the grand manner: in response to a question by a delegate who formerly owned a saloon, Lewis puffed himself up like a bullfrog and berated the unfortunate man as a "damnèd publican." Astonished, the delegate slumped down in his seat. After the session, he sidled up to Lewis. "Why, John," he protested, "I thought you were a Republican yourself."

So far as union philosophy, or lack of it, went, Lewis did not differ, in his first year as president of the U.M.W., from Green or Hutcheson. Unconscious of the anomaly presented by an industrial union being guided by craft prejudices, Lewis conducted the United Mine Workers in much the same manner as the other members of the executive council ran their unions. Opposition grew in the union. The militant National Miners' Union, affiliated to the Trade Union Unity League, began to organize the coal miners on a class-struggle program. While the U.M.W. lost membership, the new union, controlled by the rank and file, gained recruits steadily from 1927 on, and led strikes that involved as many as 40,000 miners. In Illinois, too, secession spread, but here Frank Farrington, who looked upon the labor movement as a lucrative racket, captured the union and gave the Illinois district much the same rule that Hutcheson gave the carpenters.

By 1932, it looked as though John L. Lewis, the Samson of labor, had not only been clipped by the employers, but that his head had been shaved as well. Lewis took stock. First, he concluded, it was imperative to stabilize the coal industry. He made little progress: the Davis-Kelley bill (a revision of the former Watson bill), which sought to make it man-

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datory on the government to license interstate coal corporations while guaranteeing the right of labor to organize into authentic rather than company unions, failed to pass Congress. A year later, Lewis expanded this plan, envisaging legal guarantees of wages and working conditions to include the nation's entire productive mechanism. He proposed to the Senate Commission on Finance that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law be suspended and that labor be granted strict protection. He still lacked any definite suggestion as to how labor's rights could be safeguarded while the anti-labor industrialists and bankers controlled the government. And Congress still ignored his proposed legislation.

While Lewis wrestled painfully with his legislative program, Congress passed the N.R.A. which included Section 7-A, embodying most of the labor provisions Lewis had advocated in the Davis-Kelley bill. The N.R.A. expressly acknowledged the right of workers "to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing." But legal permission to organize meant nothing unless workers were brought into strong, aggressive unions. Wherever the A. F. of L. craft officials attempted to take advantage of the N.R.A., as they half-heartedly did in the rubber and automotive industries, they were hampered by craft divisions and by the growth of company unions, which thrived under the vague wording of the act.

Lewis saw the danger of delay. He swept into the coal fields; the U.M.W. shot up from 150,000 members to triple its size in four months, recaptured the South, the Middle West, all the districts lost in the preceding decade. The National Miners' Union, which had expanded into the Mine, Oil, & Smelter Workers' Industrial Union, along with the other affiliates of the Trade Union Unity League, voluntarily disbanded for the sake of greater unity in the labor movement, throwing its strength into the revived U.M.W. and other forward-moving unions. For now there was emerging a group of leaders within the A. F. of L. who, like Lewis, were beginning to launch realistic organizing campaigns.

The operators, caught napping, retaliated by disregarding wage contracts. This time Lewis thought he was ready for them; he demanded the passage of the Guffey bill, written by him and establishing the National Coal Commission with powers to fix prices and allot production. The bill also created a Coal Control Board designed to settle disputes between operators and the union. The labor provisions of the Guffey bill were vague. The U.M.W., so strongly organized, was in the position to force through Congress a bill embodying stronger guarantees for higher wages and granting workers greater protection against the employers. But Lewis learned slowly. When the bill passed Congress, he called the much-postponed strike and through it raised wages to $5.50 for a seven-hour day, $5.10 in the South, thus proving that labor's economic power alone, in the last analysis, assured the attainment of those gains conceded by law.

Lewis had brought the U.M.W. back into the sun. But in 1920, when he had first become president of the union, the United Mine Workers had been strong, yet within ten years it had been on the verge of collapse. Lewis resolved not to repeat the mistakes of former years. He could see now that it was insufficient to rebuild the U.M.W.; without a strong labor movement to support them, the miners suffered the brunt of the owners' attack and lacked strength to withstand it. Coal was only a link in the vast industrial chain; so long as steel remained open shop, so long as auto, aluminum, rubber, and similar industries lacked strong organizations, the isolated U.M.W., with only a tiny segment of the working class, was attempting to withstand the full virulence of the anti-labor drive. Barely one-tenth of the working class had been enlisted into the A. F. of L. Lewis concluded that the only course left was to stake out a far larger field than the coal industry for unionization.

Lewis reached a further conclusion. While the N.R.A. had given the coal miners the opportunity to organize the industry, the craft unions had met with no such success. Wherever they had attempted to follow the example of the U.M.W., jurisdictional disputes had reduced their campaign to inter-union squabbles. Craft separatism meant defeat. Moreover, the majority of the A. F. of L. executive council continued to disregard the mass-production industries which employed the majority of workers. By concentrating on the organization of a handful of highly skilled workers (largely displaced through mechanization and technological advance by the semi-skilled), the clique which controlled the executive council displayed its real desire to exclude the bulk of the working class from the Federation rather than to bring it in. Obviously, effective action could be achieved only through industrial organizations which "combined the workers on the basis of the product made or material used, regardless of skill or craft."

Throughout America, the standard of living among wage earners (which never approached the glowing picture of comfort and security over which after-dinner speakers rhapsodized before chambers of commerce) sank during the depression for the majority of workers to a bare subsistence level or worse. Unemployment had reached the incredible figure of almost twenty million. Agricultural workers, Negroes, employees in most mass-production industries had experienced ever-increasing exploitation long before 1929. For example, workers in steel, as John L. Lewis pointed out in 1936 when he began publicly to explain the campaign to organize the industry, were "never throughout the last thirty-five years paid a bare subsistence wage, not to mention a living wage." Steel profits mounted dizzily, he continued, but "greater payments have not been made to wage and salary workers because the large monopoly earnings have been used to pay dividends on fictitious capital stock. . . ."

Lyn David

What was true for the steel workers held good for those engaged in all mass-production industries. The discontent arising from the need for increased earnings, diminished speed-up, shortened hours, and improved working conditions, presented the A. F. of L. with the opportunity to recruit great numbers of the unorganized. Of their own accord, searching hopefully for strength through organization, workers throughout the nation flocked into the Federation's federal unions wherever these were set up or authorized. The craft officials, instead of capitalizing on this trend, quarreled over the distribution of dues and jurisdiction, while denying the new-comers votes at the convention, and endeavoring to stifle rank-and-file militancy. Discouragement and disillusion followed in the wake of mismanagement: with a gain of 352 federal unions in 1934, the Federation had lost or suspended 610 by the next convention, a net loss of 110 federal unions. Workers searching for leadership found themselves in the same old inert Federation and quickly dropped out again in disgust.

Furthermore, John L. Lewis was not oblivious to the growth of reaction throughout the world. Fascism in Europe, it was plain to anyone who would examine it, had doomed even the most conservative labor leaders. If fascism were to be prevented in America—and there were alarming indications, which Lewis could not dismiss, that the large financial and industrial interests were anxious to institute fascism in this country—Lewis realized that only a firmly established, unified labor movement could provide an adequate defense. Such a movement necessarily demanded industrial organization. It was not until several years later that Lewis crystallized what was at first a vague fear of reaction into a firm anti-fascist position. Then he declared:

> The establishment of a fascist dictatorship in the United States would undoubtedly assure a retrogression from which civilization might not recover for ages and from which it would certainly not recover for many years. I know of only one means of insuring our safety—the workers of America must find self-expression in economic, in social, and in political matters. . . . Labor to us extends from the unskilled industrial and agricultural workers throughout the so-called white-collar groups, including technicians, teachers, professional groups, news-

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paper employees, and others. . . . If the fate of Germany is to be averted from this nation, we must and we shall secure a strong, well-organized, disciplined, and articulate labor movement.

But even in 1934, John L. Lewis was sufficiently aware of the fascist menace to lend force to his conviction that industrial organization should not be delayed. At the convention held that year in San Francisco, Lewis urged the inauguration of a strong campaign to unionize industrially. The convention yielded so far as to vote unanimously that:

the executive council is directed to issue charters for national and international unions in the automotive, cement, aluminum, and such other mass-production and miscellaneous industries as in the judgment of the executive council may be necessary to meet the situation.

During the ensuing year, the craft officialdom controlling the executive council disregarded this mandate. To be sure, it granted international charters to automobile and rubber workers; but the United Automobile Workers was denied jurisdiction over the skilled workers in the industry, and the rubber workers were refused an industrial charter. Applications by groups or federal unions for international charters were also rejected in the radio, cement, aluminum, oil, public utility, gas, and by-product coke industries.

John L. Lewis raged at this betrayal, and resolved to push organization whether the executive council liked it or not. Earnestly, at the 1935 Atlantic City convention, he defended the minority report of the resolutions committee on organization policies. As he urged industrial unionism, he utilized all the tricks of oratory he knew so well: now cajoling, now flattering, now defiant. He clinched each paragraph with clear logic, and from beneath the well-known histrionics rang a passionate conviction that only industrial unionism would save the official labor movement. So far, he told the tense convention, the Federation had been burdened

by reason of the fact that the American Federation of Labor has not organized the steel industry and the few industries similarly situated. . . . We are assured the way is now open for an aggressive campaign of organization in the steel industry. What kind of a campaign—a campaign to organize them in fifty-seven varieties of organization? . . . If you go in there with your craft unions, they will mow you down like the Italian machine gunners mow down the Ethiopians. . . . The proponents of this minority report are asking the convention to adopt a policy designed to meet modern requirements under modern conditions in this industrial nation of ours. If we fail to have this convention adopt this policy, then, of course, the responsibility falls upon the American Federation of Labor, and the world and the workers will believe now and for the future that the American Federation of Labor cannot and will not make a contribution toward the obvious need of our present economic conditions in this country of ours.

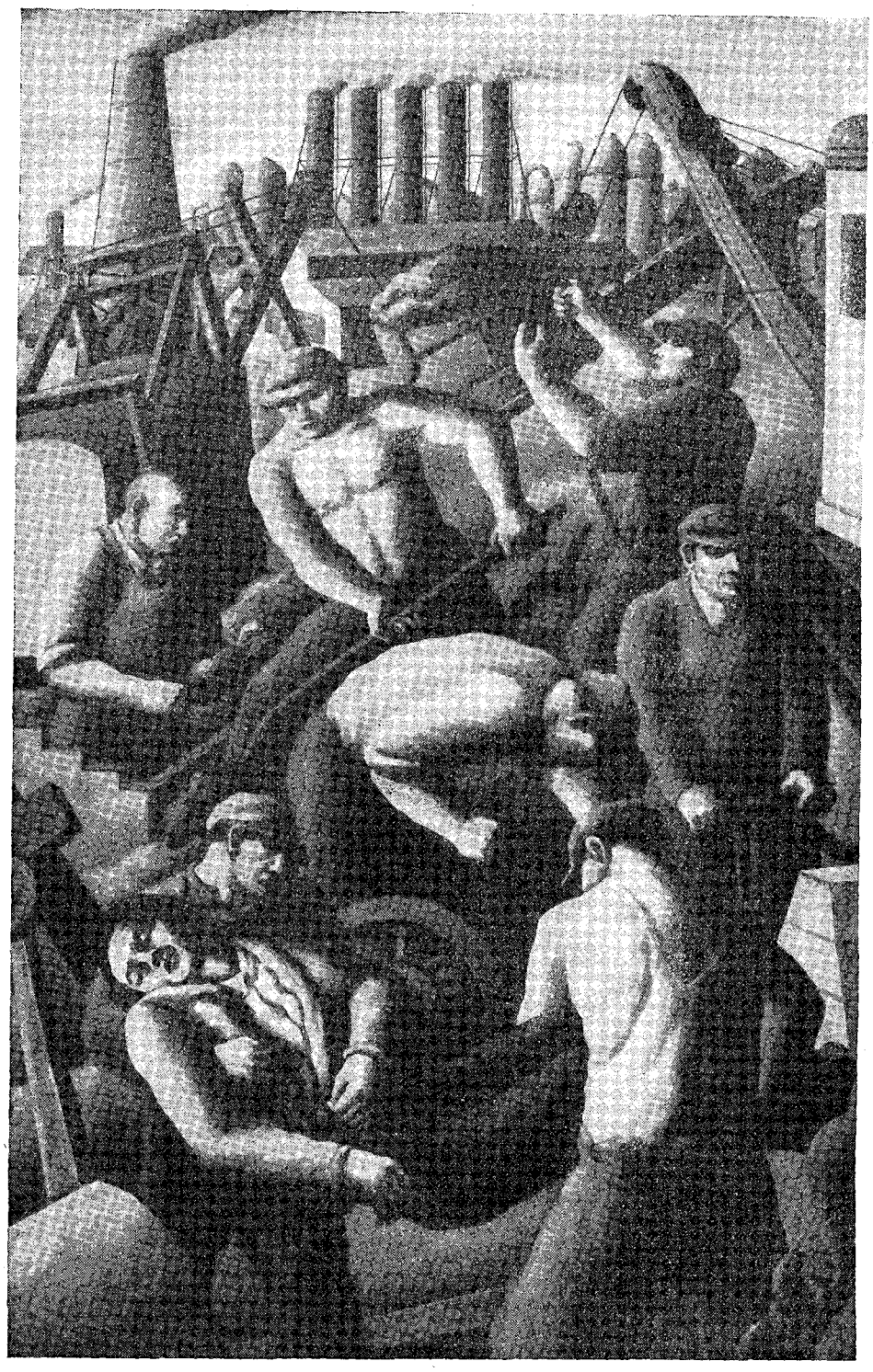
The craft officials listened. They thought of what Lewis's "aggressive campaign" entailed, the threat it carried to their sinecures, the break with tradition. They voted Lewis down.

But Lewis had determined what his course must be. A week or so after the convention, he met with seven other presidents of A. F. of L. unions to form the Committee for Industrial Organization

for the purpose of encouraging and promoting the organization of the unorganized workers in mass-production and other industries upon an industrial basis . . . [and] to bring them under the banner and in affiliation with the American Federation of Labor as industrial organizations.

Among those participating were David Dubinsky of the International Ladies Garment Workers with 225,000 members, and Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers with 150,000 members, both semi-industrial unions. Charles P. Howard of the International Typographical Union was designated secretary, Lewis was chairman. As a start, the committee, which also included the United Textile Workers, the Oil Field, Gas Well, & Refinery Workers, the International Union of Mine, Mill, & Smelter Workers, and the Cap & Millinery Workers, voted $500,000 for the steel campaign. These unions affiliated to the C.I.O. had all undergone experiences similar to those of the U.M.W.: the weakness of the Federation, with the resultant lack of organization among the workers, had handicapped them and often endangered their very existence The formation of the C.I.O. testified to their resolution to change all this by unifying workers into effective unions.

(This is the second of three articles on John L. Lewis)



Study for an Industrial Mural Paul Meltsner (Midtown Galleries)

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The Socialist Party Convenes

Torn by factional strife, the organization, at its special convention, finds its membership and influence on the wane

By Theodore Draper

WHETHER the Socialist Party will insist on committing political harakiri or whether it will make a fresh start is the choice before the party's special convention, opening in Chicago on March 26. The *ominous* feature about the present crisis is that it may mark the end of the Socialist Party as a force in the labor movement. The *distinctive* feature about the crisis is that it coincides with a period of unprecedented advance by the labor movement as a whole. The history of the Socialist Party shows alternating periods of growth and decline. But this is the first time that its decline paralleled a union feat of such magnitude as the organization of auto and steel.

Membership figures always have to be broken down in order to gauge the real effectiveness of a party. A party vitiated by factionalism will be less effective than another which acts as a unit. The Socialist Party suffers from two maladies. Its membership has reached an all-time low; at the same time, a furious factional struggle rages within what still remains. In November 1935, party membership stood at 17,437. In November 1936, it had fallen to 6820. Later figures are not yet available, but the decline has undoubtedly continued. The former all-time low was 7793 in 1928.

A most emphatic sign of decline for working-class parties is loss of attractive power for the youth. In New York City, where the Socialist youth have always been stronger than elsewhere in the country, dues-paying membership has fallen from 900 in 1936 to less than 300 in 1937. The latter figure was reported at a city-wide conference of the Young People's Socialist League last month.

The figure on party membership takes on even more serious meaning by virtue of more than half being concentrated in just two states, Wisconsin and New York. As for the country at large, there are simply no longer enough Socialists to go around for a working organization in countless cities and towns.

Had you told this to a Socialist but a year ago, the likelihood is he would have laughed scornfully at the prospect. The left, or "Militant" element had just cut adrift from the right wing or "Old Guard." Decline in prestige, fall in membership since 1934, and mistakes in policy had invariably been traced by the "Militants" to the baneful influence of the "Old Guard." Much valuable energy was necessarily consumed in the struggle which culminated in the defection of the right wing. But all that was supposed to be a thing of the past after last year's convention. Everything now seemed to be geared for progress.

Why has just the contrary happened?

The fundamental reason for the unexpected turn of events is the acquisition of an even more baneful influence than the "Old Guard" proved to be. The Trotskyists came into the Socialist Party just before the right wing went out. No convention ever discussed the question of their entrance; they were surreptitiously admitted by locals dominated by pro-Trotskyist elements.

In the brief period between the last convention and the coming one, Trotskyism has infected the whole party with its specific varieties of pollution: intense factionalism, an advanced stage of divorce from the labor movement, adoption of policies which assist Reaction camouflaged by provocative, ultra-revolutionary phraseology.

The real tragedy about this internal situation is that the new factions overshadow the party. The groupings jockey for position at every turn as though the party were a federation of conflicting tendencies. The factions hold their own caucuses on orders from "top" or leading committees of high strategy. Individuals are identified in terms of their factional connection or leanings. The groupings publish their own literature, while party literature is poorly written and as scarce as bock beer in winter.

Under these conditions, the convention's decisions will be made mainly through a give and take by the various conflicting tendencies. The different currents have to be defined really to understand the basis of the coming debates. The following does not pretend to be exhaustive.

1. The Trotskyists maintain a tightly-knit, disciplined, nation-wide faction. They control at least three state organizations: Illinois, California, and Minnesota. They may not be directly represented at the convention because most of them have been in the party less than two years. A fight is sure to be made on this score on the ground that the Trotskyist-controlled state committees will get no representation unless the two-year rule is waived.

The Trotskyists spread their propaganda through two papers which they control outright. The *Socialist Appeal,* edited by Albert Goldman in Chicago, is their theoretical organ; *Labor Action,* edited by James P. Cannon, was started a few months ago as the official organ of the Western Federation of the Socialist Party, due to Trotskyist influence in the California party. Two other papers, the *Socialist Call,* edited by August Tyler in New York, and the *Challenge,* official organ of the Y.P.S.L., published in Chicago, are heavily freighted with Trotskyist opinion.

The Trotskyists are on principle opposed to the farmer-labor party; they attack it as a *reactionary* step. They are bitterly opposed to the people's front and have assailed the Spanish People's Front government, headed by the Socialist, Largo Caballero, as "counter-revolutionary." The American Student Union has come in for Trotskyist abuse; their faction called the A.S.U. a "company union on the campus" at the Y.P.S.L. caucus held during the recent convention of the A.S.U. (The national secretary of the A.S.U. is Joseph P. Lash, a member of the Socialist Party.) The Trotskyists put the Workers' Alliance, national organization of the unemployed, in the same category as the A.S.U., and have started to build a dual unemployed organization. (The national chairman of the Workers' Alliance is David Lasser, another member of the Socialist Party.) Needless to say, the Trotskyists are the chief promoters of the "Leon Trotsky *ueber alles*" drive in the Socialist Party, with the American Committee for the Defense of Leon Trotsky as the spearhead of the movement.

2. The so-called Zam-Tyler faction plays along with the Trotskyists on most essential questions. Tyler was formerly a member of the original "Militant" caucus which fought the "Old Guard." Until recently, he was identified with the Y.P.S.L. leadership. Herbert Zam came over to the Socialist Party from the Lovestoneites just about two years ago. Both dominate the *Socialist Call,* which acts more or less as their factional organ. The editorial policies of the *Call* swerved sharply in favor of the Trotskyists immediately after the defection of the old guard. Tyler has frequently voiced his personal allegiance to the general line of the Trotskyists.

The *Call* has "supported" the farmer-labor party in a way which excellently typifies the degree of difference between the Trotskyist and the Zam-Tyler tendencies. According to the Trotskyists, the farmer-labor party can do nothing but harm. According to the *Call,* the farmer-labor movement would do much harm if it lasted for any appreciable time but, fortunately, the movement will show its "impotence" long before any such unfortunate eventuality. The following is given as the reason for Socialist "support" of the farmer-labor movement:

> The early impotence of a Labor Party [never *Farmer*-Labor Party] in the United States in win-

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ning reforms will increasingly drive the workers onto the revolutionary road to power.

"Support" the "Labor Party" in order to expose its "early impotence," is the essence of the *Socialist Call's* position. In any event, Socialists need do nothing but wait until others form the *right kind* of a farmer-labor movement; then Socialists will give it the benefit of their lofty criticism. In a general way, the Zam-Tyler grouping puts similar trimmings on the other Trotskyist policies. The *Call's* propaganda is consistently anti-people's front, anti-Soviet on the Moscow trials, and, generally, a perfumed Trotskyism.

3. It is ironical that many of the original "Militants" who made the entrance of the Trotskyists into the party possible were forced to widen the gap between themselves and the Trotskyists. They felt it necessary to revive the old "Militant" caucus about five months ago. The Trotskyists applied for membership, but were rejected. Thus was another faction born, headed by Jack Altman, New York state secretary.

Altman himself clashes with the Trotskyists on certain questions dealing with sectarianism, but his agreement with them on other issues, such as opposition to the people's front, makes him an ineffective antagonist. This faction owes its influence to its control over the New York state organization. Its chief weakness is its reluctance to come to grips with the Trotskyists on questions of principle. While the Trotskyists and their allies are tireless in their vituperation, this grouping maneuvers on a very restricted intellectual plane. Other members of his grouping, however, stand far to the left of him. An influential group advocates united front with the Communist Party and expulsion of the Trotskyists as pre-conditions for a revivified Socialist movement in America.

4. Wisconsin is the only state in the Union where the Socialist Party still plays an active role in the labor movement. The chief Socialist influence is still the "Old Guard" element led by Daniel Hoan, mayor of Milwaukee. The Wisconsin left wing, however, is much more fully developed than that in New York. To it belongs the credit of having taken the lead in defining the differences between socialism and Trotskyism. Despite some shortcomings, the most intelligent survey of the situation has been contributed by Paul Porter, whose pamphlet, *Which Way for the Socialist Party?*, was published by the state executive board of the Socialist Party of Wisconsin. This pamphlet breaks sharply with the Trotskyist influence in the party, supports the people's front, the Soviet peace policy, the farmer-labor party, coöperation with the Communist Party and other progressive groups, and condemns the factionalism stimulated by the Trotskyists.

The Wisconsin left wing recently sent a statement of its viewpoint to the leading party bodies of the state and of Milwaukee which ends by demanding the expulsion of the Trotskyists "as an alien anti-Socialist party within our party." The statement was signed by such prominent Socialists as Meta Berger, wife of the late Socialist Congressman Victor Berger, state secretary Carl Minkley, state chairman of the Workers' Alliance Harlan Fenske, and thirty-three others. What is of utmost significance is that the letter was mailed to the Milwaukee *Leader, American Guardian, Socialist Call,* and *Socialist Action,* but none of these papers has yet mentioned it, let alone printed it.

5. Where does Norman Thomas stand in this maze of contradictory currents? The answer is: everybody would like to know and nobody is as yet certain. Thomas no longer exerts any great influence, though his role would be appreciable if he could make up his mind one way or the other. It is known that Thomas called together representatives of the Zam-Tyler and Altman factions and told them that he would retire if the present imbroglio is not cleared up. He himself has made little attempt to clear it up. In fact, he too has given aid and comfort to the Trotskyists throughout the last year. His active membership in the Trotsky Defense Committee, his virtual sabotage of the farmer-labor movement through indiscriminate denunciation of every practical sign of emergence of that movement in various states, and his *Socialist Call* columns favoring an "all-inclusive" Socialist Party have all contributed to making a bad situation worse.

GIVEN this inner-party situation, it is understandable why the Socialist Party has left the main stream of the American labor movement in practically every respect. The dominant policy has been pro-Trotskyist. In practical terms, this means that the Socialist Party turned its back on every hopeful beginning toward a farmer-labor movement. Most of its trade-union influence departed with the "Old Guard" last year, and the remaining trade-union figures of influence, such as Powers Hapgood and Leo Krzycki, have shunned party councils. Krzycki found it necessary publicly to dissociate himself from the Socialist policy during the presidential election.

Every united front organization close to the labor movement is finding the Trotskyists and their allies a menace to its continued existence. This is notoriously true in the Workers' Alliance, where the Trotskyists are fostering a "progressive bloc" inside and a dual organization outside against the leadership of another Socialist, David Lasser. It is equally true of the American Student Union; the Trotskyists have done more damage to this flourishing organization than to any other. It is true of the American Youth Congress, from which the Socialist member on its leading national body actually resigned. It is true of all united front efforts to help the Spanish people's front; although the Socialist Party is officially affiliated to the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, its members were ordered to send money not to that Committee but to a separate fund. Wherever the Trotskyists dominate Socialist locals, they set up local committees which compete with the united front committees already in operation.

No better statement of the issues confronting this extraordinary critical convention has been made than that given in a letter sent to the National Executive Committee, the Connecticut State Committee, and Norman Thomas by a group of Connecticut Socialists, including Van Wyck Brooks, Howard Brubaker, Ruth Erickson, and others. The letter concludes with the following demands:

"1. That the Socialist Party expel from its ranks the Trotskyists, as un-Socialist elements who are driving our party off the road to Socialism and into an alliance, however unwitting, with reactionaries and fascists;

"2. That the Socialist Party take immediate steps toward building a united front with other progressive elements, including the Communist Party, looking toward the creation of a strong mass people's front in this country, a bulwark to hold back the flood-waters of fascism long enough for us to succeed in our great historic task of educating the masses for Socialism."

★

Breadline

The file stuttered in step,
The cold biting.
Each hitch forward was an ache
Transmitted from man to man
As a word of armistice is jerked among soldiers.
The dismal season lay like an iron rod
Down the slot of the street.
A feeling emanated thinly—
Immemorial and tall as time—
From the emaciated outcast rabble rank.
"Howdja like a portahouse."
"Howdja like to kiss my — — —."
With such a pitch and such a skin as water has.
The past and future
Were lumpy, wet, and sour,
And an intolerable reek of retching
Permeated
Both.
Stuck and rutted impulse
Athwart muscles, nerves, ganglia,
The file strung out, terrific in locked tension,
The young hope next to be served,
Next to lay lip
On the hot odorous soup bowl—
Astounding equilibrium of control.
The swimming helpless eyes
Of noonday owls,
The rolling wet disks,
The moist and solemn desperation,
The grave terror,
The blinking panic
Of imperturbable hunger and horror,
The frozen spasm,
Moist swimming eyes,
Desolate.

THOMAS SHAFTER.

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A Greek Gift

Accepting the Mellon collection on Mellon's terms seems to have meant an official divorce from artistic vitality

By Ralph M. Pearson

ANDREW MELLON is now giving to the American people his $50,000,000 collection of famous old masterpieces with a $10,000,000 building in which to house them. His reason for donating one-seventh part of his reputed accumulation of four hundred million dollars is that he wants to take the *best* in art to the people, to encourage and develop a study of the fine arts and to make Washington, D. C., the Paris of America. John Russell Pope is to design a copy of a Greek temple to be built on the Mall, and this institution, with its priceless masterpieces carefully protected from the contamination of any contemporary "lesser" works, is to be called the National Gallery of Art.

There may be a genuine altruism back of this noble gesture. At least I have no way of proving an uneasy conscience in Mr. Mellon and a deliberate perfuming of a reputation based on dollars and aluminum with the more savory aroma of great art. He may actually be concerned with developing and encouraging a study of the fine arts and boosting the national culture. I don't know. Neither I nor the Department of Internal Revenue can be sure. But I *am* sure that Andy Mellon is missing his announced goal. He is not taking art to the American people. He is not encouraging and developing a study of the fine arts. He is not making Washington, D. C., the Paris of America. Also, I am entirely certain that the Mellon collection, insulated as it is from all living activity, can never be a *national* gallery of art. In accepting the grandiose plan, Congress has officially certified our national divorce from vitality in the arts.

I do not mean to belittle the value of great works of the past. Nor am I denying a rich man's right to indulge a hobby of collecting such works. Nor do I mean to be ungrateful for their gift to the nation. But culture is not created by veneration of the past. It is built by contemporary production which adds our contribution to great past expressions. Art experience cannot be caught, like a germ disease, from an hour's annual exposure to great masterpieces portraying the life drama of other civilizations remote in time and space. It is caught by participation in creative doing. This participation can be of two kinds. It can grow out of actual creative practice either on an amateur or professional basis where a person plays color and form harmonies and expresses his own conceptions of experience. Or it can grow out of a contact with subject matter which tells the story of the familiar life of today—his, the observer's, life—or, again, out of the contact with living artists—men and women of today working among us who come and go. These actual contacts mean participation, in different degrees—an understanding, a sharing of experience, and, perhaps, a sense of sharing responsibility. If works of art are to be produced today, we, as individuals or as a nation, must do something about it. We must give artists a chance to work, must demand murals, sculptures, designs of things of use dealing with our time, to be created and paid for by individual or collective cash.

The present administration in Washington has met this responsibility, for the first time in our history, by establishing the Federal Arts Projects. Andrew Mellon and our other Frick and Morgan escapists have failed to meet it. The government art program has added something to American culture. These owners of many millions have added nothing. Productions reveal our cultural strength or our cultural weakness. By them we are judged among the nations of today. Through them we shall be judged by posterity. The program of production is of major national importance.

Mr. Mellon may call his private collection a national gallery of art, but nothing constructive has happened or will happen through the expenditure of this sixty million dollars. Again, the naïve belief that appreciation of art and cultural growth somehow emanate from hero-worship of famous and costly old masters instead of from creative doing, will misdirect the energies of the American people from participation in art experience. And in one additional "institution," several hundred thousand people each year will again tour wearily through huge, echoing galleries and gape in awe and reverence at works they do not understand. It is just these things that are wrong with American culture. And Mr. Mellon and Congress have frozen that wrong into an enduring memorial which it will take the constructive forces of the country another generation to demolish.

Frank Davidson

The bill accepting the Mellon gift and creating the National Gallery passed through Congress over the vigorous opposition of the American Artists' Congress. The opposition was backed by Senator LaFollette, Congressman Maverick, and a few others. The bill which passed was written by Mr. Mellon's lawyers. All the respectable features I have just mentioned were effectively protected for all time to come. A board of trustees appointed by the regents of the Smithsonian Institution must be approved by Mellon and thereafter fills vacancies by its own vote, thus being self-perpetuating. Director, curator, and staff are also subject to Mellon approval. There is no outside control of its decisions except through the courts, hence there is no democracy. There is no representation of the profession of artist. The federal government is to pay maintenance costs of some $300,000 a year, with no control of policy or expenditures. No works of "inferior quality to those now in the collection" are to be shown in the gallery. Here is one antiquarian-minded old man's ideas of what is good in art inflicted on a great nation in its "own" "national gallery" forever more. Stagnation deified. Living art ignored. The profession which creates culture excluded from all voice in a national cultural program.

A national gallery should emerge from the past into the present. It should balance great works of the past with significant history-making expressions of an ever-changing present. Exclusion of the present because it is less great than the past is an evasion of responsibility and a confession of impotent fear.

There was no power of public opinion to back the Artists' Congress or its congressional champions. The bill as written by Mellon had the approval of the President, the art authorities, the art critics, the press and the general public. It was ungracious to modify or object to so magnificient a gift. The artists were the only dissenters, and they were open to the charge of professional pique at this, their official elimination from the cultural stage. But, if their vision is authentic, the damage is greater to the nation than to them. It is not they who are eliminated. It is society, surrendering itself to the benevolent cultural dictatorship of an old business man and his four hundred million dollars, which has eliminated itself from the stage of the national art life. The artists will go on working as best they can, on or off the constructive, civilization-building Government art projects—and where they work, *there* is the Paris of America, even if that Paris is broken into a thousand geographical fragments. And in their studios and workshops, wherever significant work is being done, *there* is the true national gallery, also in fragments, and there also is the true and effective school of the arts where real appreciation is spreading outward slowly but surely as a result of understanding through doing.

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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Advertising Manager
ERIC BERNAY

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For Catholics

THE Pope's lofty rage against Spain, Russia, and Mexico should surprise nobody. His Holiness speaks for the reactionaries of the world, and he has a special ax to grind. The three countries involved are no longer sources of lucrative income for Rome.

That is not because any of the three countries have attacked the *faith* of people. It is the political and economic power of the clerical hierarchy that has been curbed. Mexico's policy does not touch upon the religious feelings of the masses; it is directed exclusively against an institution which until recently was the largest *landlord* in the republic. So, too, in Spain, where reactionary priests fired upon loyalists from church steeples.

Surely the Pope, who now urges Catholics to abandon the pursuit of material wealth and to devote themselves to the life spiritual, cannot object to social measures taken against landowners and reactionaries, whether they be laymen or clerics.

The fact is, Catholics are themselves divided by social forces which transcend religious creeds. We have, for instance, just received a statement issued by leading Spanish Catholics which deserves the serious attention of their co-religionists in this country. This statement is signed by Ambassador Gallardo, Spanish envoy to Belgium; the Canon of Segovia; the Canon of Granada; the leading priest of the Madrid cathedral, and various Catholic writers and professors of Spain. It is an eloquent protest against the atrocities of the fascists against the Spanish people, and reads in part as follows:

> We Christians of various social positions, probably also divided by various political opinions, but united by the spiritual bond of the same faith in the commandments of God, have decided to raise our voices in all humility and to protest against this injustice and cruelty. . . . Is it possible that after twenty centuries of Christian history there are still human beings who call themselves Catholics and in spite of it forget their most elementary duties? For reasons of Christian ethics we find ourselves compelled to protest against these frightful proceedings with all our might, and to protest against the bombardment of our beloved Madrid, main city of the Spanish republic, the bombing of which goes on day after day. . . . Before God and before history, we raise our voices in order to communicate to all the powers of the earth our disgust against these contemptible crimes. . . . We are convinced that all human beings who are decent and sincere are on our side.

Nor is the Pope on the firm ground of fact when he attempts to set up an antagonism between the Communists and the Catholics of Mexico, for example. Large Communist posters on the walls of Mexico declare:

> IT IS FALSE AND CRIMINAL
>
> That Communists attack sincere Catholics is alleged by those who desire to incite sincere believers against us. They seek thereby to perpetuate the exploitation of the entire people, maliciously placing the religious questions above the economic problem, which is fundamental. We attack no believer who bases his faith on the fraternity of mankind; we condemn only those men who bless the arms of the fascists, the conquerors of Ethiopia, and the assassins of Spain.

Every Catholic worker in the United States who has been fired, arrested, clubbed, or shot at the orders of Catholic employers will understand this simple fact. To whatever religious faith the mass of men may continue to cling, they must of necessity be united against their oppressors in the struggle for better living standards, for freedom, for peace.

Slaughter of the Innocents

THE gas explosion which demolished a million-dollar school in New London, Tex., taking the lives of 455 children in five horrible nightmare minutes, is another blood-stained monument to American corporation greed and criminal negligence. Although the military inquiry now in progress is doing its best to whitewash the oil interests, sufficient evidence has been introduced to establish the guilt both of the local government and the oil companies.

Strong gas odors had been detected in the basement of the New London school for months before the explosion literally wiped out the younger generation of this East Texas community. But there was no state law requiring periodic inspection of schools—and the smell of gas is an ever-present odor in the oil fields. This is the region where most of America's cheap gas is produced. If there was seepage from the ground—and this is by now an established fact—no one bothered about it, certainly not the gas company officials.

With the investigation of this tragedy now in progress, every effort is being made to deflect guilt from any corporate interests. There are carefully circulated rumors of murderous plots perpetrated with dynamite or nitro-glycerine, but the testimony of Dr. E. P. Schoch, of the University of Texas, has laid the blame squarely on accumulated gas.

Whatever the original cause, it is now fairly certain that the close-fisted, tightwad economy practised by the powers that rule education in America was really responsible for the tragedy. Housed in a million-dollar school known as "the richest rural school in the world" was an out-of-date, inferior heating system, installed to save a few dollars. It is the same kind of economy that causes thousands of deaths in industry every year, the same "economy" that makes firetraps of urban and rural schools, creating a continual threat of death and destruction against the young pupils forced to attend classes in them. Such economy wipes out hundreds of families in the slums of our big cities every year. And such economy piles up the profits of our great corporations and of our first families who hide behind corporation names to receive their profits and evade responsibility and blame.

The dismembered bodies of 455 children now form the monument of this widespread greed and "economy." It is up to the people of this country to insist, both by word and action, that the tombs of these needlessly sacrificed children become the tomb of corporate greed and negligence as well.

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READERS' FORUM

Rebuttal on the "Of Mice and Men" issue—Dead in Spain—From Selden Rodman

● In objecting to my review of *Of Mice and Men,* Dale Curran [Readers' Forum, March 23] blithely distorts the obvious meaning of the book by *appointing* George to the post of main character. Otherwise, I suppose, he would be unable to baptize the novel a classic of proletarian fiction. The fact is, however, that every event in the story depends entirely on what is done by the dim-witted Lennie. But Lennie's fate is in his hands, and his hands don't belong to him. Moreover, it is no accident that Mr. Curran's rampant enthusiasm for the book coincides at all points with the opinions of critical stooges like Herschel Brickell, Christopher Morley, Carl Van Vechten, etc. "Finest prose fiction of the decade," indeed! Although the book has some good things in it, Mr. Curran's wild judgment is symptomatic of the vicious and debased literary standards that prevail in American literature. As to the proletarian angle, although the novel deals with farmhands, there is not a note of struggle in it. In fact, the plain implication is that if Lennie had behaved himself (that is, had he been able to restrain his monstrous hands), he and George would have saved up enough money to buy a little farm and live happily ever after. And this, according to Mr. Curran's new "proletarian" dispensation, is called fighting the ranch bosses and landlords. Mr. Curran's attitude is nothing but "infantile leftism" turned upside down. PHILIP RAHV.

More on Steinbeck's Book

● An otherwise usually intelligent writer, Mr. Dale Curran certainly did go out on a limb in his defense of John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* in your issue of March 23. Now I hope he enjoys being caught there.

First of all, in defense of your excellent review which he indicts: your reviewer did not condemn the book *because* Harry Hansen, et al., lauded it; he pointed out that, being insignificant, it would naturally appeal to these reviewers. Secondly, if Hansen did not mention its "revolutionary implications," *Time* magazine did—and even that yellow sheet concluded that the book was only a fairy-tale and lovers of fairy-tales would still prefer Hans Christian Andersen. . . .

To write meaninglessly of the working class, Mr. Curran, is not to create proletarian literature: it is better by far to write meaningfully, with dialectic understanding, of the upper strata which the author knows. And whatever accusations of sectarianism the NEW MASSES may sometimes deserve, Mr. Curran, you should know by now that it has outgrown the habit of calling a bad book good because it was written by a Communist or united-fronter, and vice versa. JOHN R. CHAPLIN.

Killed in Action

● News of the death of John Lenthier, heroic young American actor and member of the New Theatre League, killed fighting on the loyalist front in Spain, has been received by the New Theatre League. The League is taking immediate steps to launch a John Lenthier Memorial Fund, the first fifty dollars of this fund being pledged by the League as a prize in a contest for plays on Spain for immediate performance by new theaters throughout the country.

Lenthier was an active member of the New Theatre Players of Boston and played a leading part in fighting the censorship on *Waiting for Lefty,* which was exercised against the play two years ago in that city. He was arrested in that struggle and was also arrested and served a sentence for participating in a demonstration of Harvard students against a reception of Hanfstaengl.

The New Theatre League is calling on all its groups and on progressive theater workers in New York to contribute to the John Lenthier Fund. The League is also calling on its playwrights to immediately prepare scripts on Spain for use in mobile work in arousing sympathy for the Spanish cause, and offering the first fifty dollars received in its fund for the best play received before May 1. Full details may be obtained by writing to the New Theatre League, 117 West 46th Street, New York City. NEW THEATRE LEAGUE.

Jane Withers, Propagandist

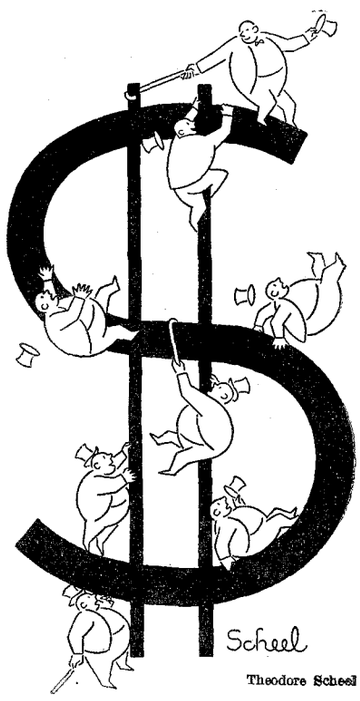
● I want to call the attention of NEW MASSES movie-goers to a bit of Hollywood plagiarism, which is at the same time a flattering commentary on the advance of Soviet aviation.

The movie steal in mind is to be found in *Holy Terror,* starring the child actress Jane Withers. The setting of the picture is a naval air station where Jane's father is an officer. One of the sequences shows little Jane running into a nest of spies bent upon obtaining the plans for a new mystery ship under construction at the station. This happens while the entire air force and personnel are in the air staging a military review. Frantic in her efforts to get aid, Jane takes over the wireless controls and sends out an order for all the parachutists to "bail out" over the spot where the spies are at work. The picture shows the little girl sending out the order and in the next flash a mass parachute jump of a magnitude never staged in this country.

For the planes in this scene are Soviet planes and the parachutists are Red Army men, as anyone familiar with the appearance of the older Soviet ships, or one who has seen the Soviet newsreel from which the scene was lifted, will easily recognize. LOUIS SACKS.

Poet Rodman Replies

● In commenting on the review of my poem *Lawrence: The Last Crusade* which appeared in the March 9 issue of the NEW MASSES, I wish to make it clear that I both appreciate the generous space which was given to it and feel no animosity toward the reviewer, whose criticism was often penetrating and always impersonal.



Theodore Scheel

There are two specific criticisms with which I would like to take issue. First, in regard to my interpretation of Lawrence. It would be absurd, of course, to expect to find any two interpretations of so complex a character which would completely agree. But the reviewer would seem to be confused in his own mind about an interpretation. For after describing succinctly the terms of the conflict as I selected them for the poem, he not only implies that I failed to follow such an interpretation, but does not cite a single instance wherein I diverged. He then goes on to say that I leaned "too heavily on that bourgeois idealism which was the source of Lawrence's own confusion; which led him to consider his betrayal the result of some irremediable fault in human nature . . . [when] a particular social system was responsible."

I thought that if I accomplished nothing else through my interpretation, I at least plainly indicated that "bourgeois idealism" was the principal cause of Lawrence's failure to understand the causes of the World War, to deeply grasp the betrayal of Versailles, to take a side in the British general strike, to give General Balbo a clear-cut refusal, and to do more than "escape" into the Royal Air Force. From beginning to end I thought that this ineffectual idealism was clearly pitted against social and economic realities. Except at the moment of his death, where I attempted to resolve the conflict in his fleeting glimpse of a collective order, the tragedy of Lawrence was surely shown to be in his inability to break with the ruling class and to act as other than an idealistic individual. It is he, no less than the veteran speaking at Versailles, whose bitterness is never rendered constructive through an understanding of class forces:

The ancient words
"Honor," "Defense," "Historic Mission," "Rights,"
"Legitimate Aspirations"—ring like slugs
Tossed on the counter of our steel souls,
And we reject them. Being unprepared
To answer what is right or who shall rule
(How could we be, who lived but to obey
Through our ripe years?) now we suspect and warn,
Seeking betrayers everywhere, suspect
The politician and the profiteer
And face of patriot, varicose with gold,
Praising old revolutions.

With the reviewer's criticism of my verse, it is difficult for me to debate. He is probably correct in saying that "its flaws, which are many, are almost wholly attributable to hasty and careless writing." But beyond this the reviewer is looking for one thing, I for another. In getting away from the symbolism currently fashionable, the difficult and often precious voice loaded with personal allusions and psychological overtones, I have undoubtedly sacrificed much. Muriel Rukeyser, commenting on the poem's "athletic blank verse, disciplined and constrained by the necessity for continual motion," justly observed that it "has specific insensitiveness." And Horace Gregory, whose review of the poem was also constructive and appreciative in tone, criticized strongly its "occasional lapses in phrasing."

But when the reviewer finds it "anomalous" that in the face of "such defects and limitations" the poem "is not dull reading," is he not a bit unkind in suggesting that the only explanation lies in the subject? Surely a dull poem could be written about *any* subject! There are at least two dull biographies of Lawrence, and I have recently read three dull plays about Napoleon. Even the passage quoted by the reviewer is not "dull," though in the belief that it may not be "representative" I have included here a selection of my own. SELDEN RODMAN.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Stephen Spender and liberalism—Herndon's life story—Kipling, Huxley, and Meyer Levin

THE importance of *Forward from Liberalism,** by Stephen Spender, lies in the fact that its author is not only a young intellectual member of one of the oldest Liberal families in England, but also because he is representative of a wide section of the population whose approach to Communism we warmly welcome. At the same time, it is most important that they should reach their final decisions as to where they stand with full clearness and complete understanding. It is all the harder for them to see clearly if their connections have been with those who have played an important role in British politics, a role always opposed to the vital interests of the working class.

The Spender influence, as expressed through the *Westminster Gazette* in its heyday, took the form of the velvet glove so long as it was possible, and the iron hand when situations compelled the Liberal capitalists "to put the workers in their place."

The Spender influence in politics was seen at work more recently in the Report of the Royal Commission on "The Private Manufacture and Trade in Arms." Many pacifists and other liberal-minded people cherished the illusion that when Stephen Spender's uncle was made a member of this commission, "something good might come out of it." They had forgotten that Liberalism is always capitalism, and where private profit is at stake, a good Liberal will always invoke the sacred doctrine of *laissez-faire* rather than support state interference in the public interest.

It is therefore interesting to see how a young Spender attempts to shake off the shackles of the past, and tries in this epoch of capitalist decline and imperialist wars and proletarian revolutions to find his way to Communism. I say deliberately tries to find his way, because I suspect from the way this book opens and finishes that Spender had in mind the title "Forward to Communism." But he is not yet a Communist, though he is seriously trying to become one.

There are tens of thousands of young men and women in Spender's position today. They are typical of the ferment that is going on inside the public schools and universities. All the "classical education," all the attempts to perpetuate the ideologies of the Liberal and Tory parties, all the labored efforts of learned professors and dons to preserve the sanctity of the capitalist system, cannot prevent the cracks from showing, cannot hide the crisis of capitalism; cannot answer the earnest questionings of young people sent from middle-class homes.

These questions arise because in our lifetime, Britain has taken part in a world war, seen fascism come to power in several European countries, and now confronts the youth with the menace of a new war which will wipe out the flower of the youth of the country.

It is obvious that Stephen Spender, with his sensitive mind, has been strongly affected by all these new developments. The mistake is that he did not wait a little longer, get more practical experience before committing himself to print.

Yet his book, imperfect as it is, completely wrong in many important and fundamental aspects of Communist policy, particularly on issues affecting the Soviet Union, will undoubtedly help people in the position of the author himself. To many of Spender's own generation and to others also who came to political consciousness in the years of Liberal government before the war, these pages will recall their own mental journey. They will find their way lit by many flashes of insight, their own doubts and difficulties sympathetically met, if not always resolved, and they will travel with him along the road which leads away from Liberalism and in the direction of Communism.

I could not help thinking as I read this book of one of the early pamphlets I devoured with such eagerness as a boy: *Liberal and Tory Hypocrisy,* by Walter Glyde, of Bradford. This little penny pamphlet did more to convince the workers of the rottenness of both Liberalism and Toryism than most of the well-intentioned but pretentious volumes that have been written since. Such a pamphlet, however, could not have the same effect upon middle-class and professional people. They would brush it aside with "intellectual" contempt, for it dealt with a world that was easier to accept and with policies that it was much more comfortable to close one's eyes to.

Woodcut by Keil

Now the new political consciousness that is awakening in those circles demands that one of "their own" should try to answer the questions that life is now placing before them. It is a difficult job, and therefore those who attempt it should first of all make a deeper study of Marxism in order that they may find the key which will enable them to understand the real character of the problem they have to tackle.

First, it is necessary to drop this nonsense about Liberalism being something completely distinct from Toryism, and trying to deceive people about the lofty idealism of Liberalism in foreign policies. All the grand platitudes about Liberalism involving liberty and freedom for all peoples only hide the actual policy that it carried out. Its foreign policy always served the interests of British imperialism. Liberalism used the phrases of liberty, it advocated the abolition of Chinese slavery in the South African mines, but it never advocated freedom for India, which would have been in opposition to British capitalist interests.

I consider one of the greatest defects in Spender's book is that he appears to have been taken in by this. It would have enhanced the value of the book if its author had remembered the opposition of the Liberal Party to the first Factory Acts, to any of the demands of the workers for better conditions; if he had recalled Featherstone, Hull, Tonypandy, where the workers were fired on by the armed forces of a Liberal government in great strike struggles; if he had remembered that in our depressed areas, the ghastly housing conditions described in the *News Chronicle* by Ian Mackay are a damning indictment of Liberalism.

It is true that in the epoch of Liberalism, certain reforms were won by the mass struggles of the workers. The Liberal ruling class never gave anything that was not forced from them by the working class. Stephen Spender ignores these vital facts and presents a picture of a philanthropic and well-intentioned Liberal ruling class.

He admits that "Liberalism could not afford to damage many of the great interests behind it," although "a true Liberalism bound to these great interests is, in the long run, an impossibility"; he speaks of "the intolerable position of every reformist government within the capitalist state," which forces it to choose between abandoning reforms and even the fundamental principle of peace, or challenging the whole capitalist and imperialist system. But he naturally cherishes a certain weakness for the faith in which he was nourished, and he is inclined to regard liberal capitalism as the lesser evil and not as the reverse of the same old capitalist medal.

I believe that if Stephen Spender had paid more attention to this side of Liberalism, his sensitive soul would have been sufficiently em-

* FORWARD FROM LIBERALISM, *by Stephen Spender. Random House.* $2.

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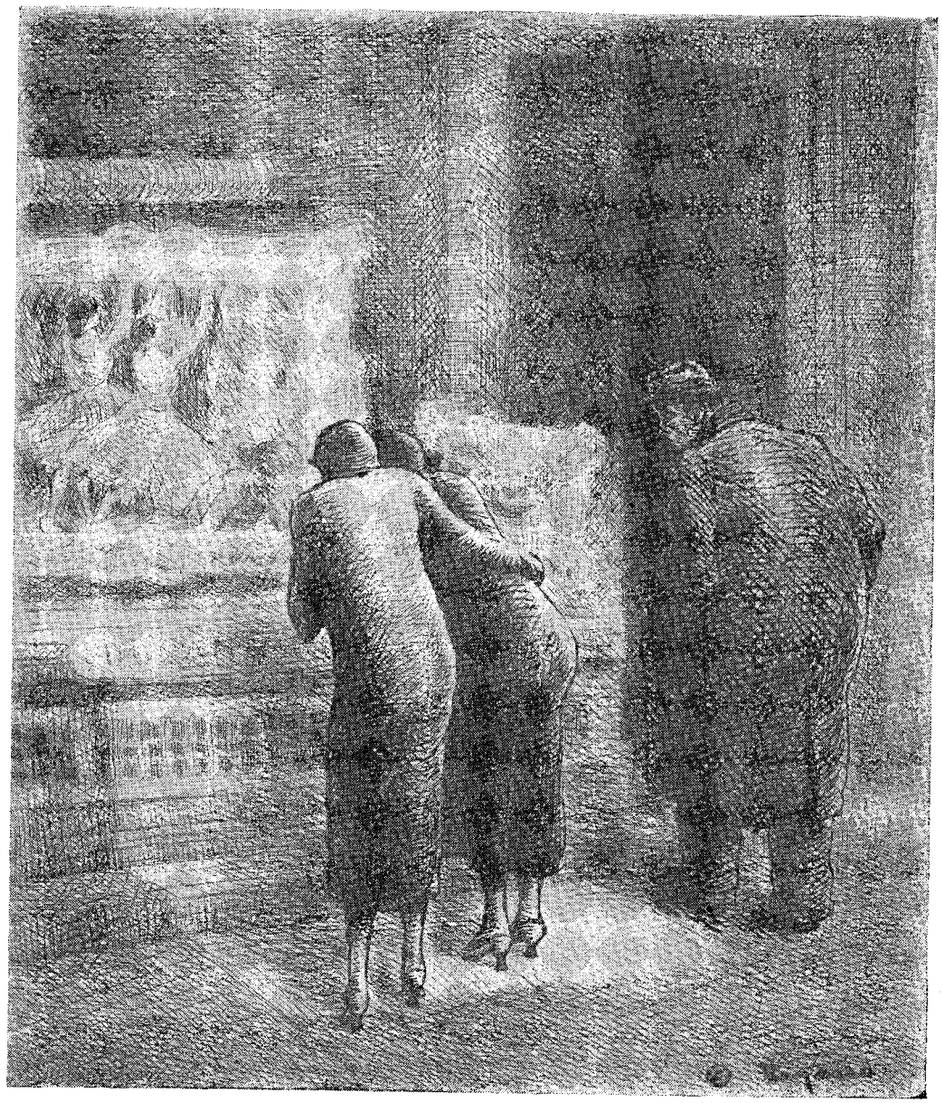
bittered to understand why, when a people have finally conquered power as in the Soviet Union, they will never again take any risks that can lead to a restoration of capitalism, why they will break with "rotten liberalism" in their politics, and when Trotskyite traitors are found, will deal with them as they deserve. In so doing they will not be unduly perturbed at pious expressions of "liberal horror," for many Soviet citizens have studied British industrial history, they know Marx's unforgettable description of the Lancashire workers' conditions, have read Engels's *Condition of the English Working Class*. The thousands of children murdered for profit by our Liberal capitalists, the stunted physical growth of Glasgow and Lancashire workers in the heyday of Liberalism—these are burnt into our minds also, not only by books, but by bitter personal contact and experience. That is why the majority of the British workers have supported the Soviet government in everything that it has done, and our intellectuals should take such facts as these into account before they raise their voices in protest against the uprooting of those who want to overthrow the Soviet government.

Stephen Spender wrote this book many months ago. Since then, some of his writings have shown that he is rapidly growing clearer on the political issues of our time. I firmly believe that if he had to write such a book now, it would take on a different form.*

Forward from Liberalism, despite the ample room for serious criticism it provides, is of definite value. I have no doubt at all that many members of the Left Book Club who are not yet finally convinced about the bankruptcy of Liberalism and Toryism will find it both useful and helpful.

Undoubtedly, it will create strong discussion and criticism within Left Book Club circles. And why not? Socialists and Communists, members of the Club, have opportunities of explaining, expanding, and correcting those parts of the book which are undoubtedly in need of criticism. If they do this with the same intensity of purpose with which I know Stephen Spender wrote his book, they will really help to realize in practice his aim—to bring thousands away from Liberalism on the road to Communism. HARRY POLLITT.

* Stephen Spender has joined the Communist Party since writing this book.—Ed.



Art Dealer's Window Etching by Grant Reynard (American Artists Group)

Herndon's Story

LET ME LIVE, *by Angelo Herndon. Random House. March Book Union Selection.* $2.50.

I HAD read half of Angelo Herndon's autobiography and planned to finish it on the train to New York. You can imagine my surprise when I saw Herndon two seats in front of me. I can assure you that this promised to be, and became for this reviewer a rare experience. There I sat reading the dramatic account of this twenty-three-year-old hero. There I was, vicariously living through his terrifying tortures, looking up ever so often in pained awe to make sure that Herndon was really there. "My head was terribly swollen [I read]. My ears were in shreds—mere lumps of raw, bleeding flesh. My eyes must have been terrible to look at. . . . I had a funny sensation that they were going to drop out of their sockets." Leaving the train, I felt that here was a book which needed new words to describe it.

In the past few months, we have witnessed an avalanche of autobiographies. To name only a few, there have been Farson's, Sheehan's, Duranty's, Reisenberg's, Gubsky's, Schneider's, Freeman's, Gallacher's, Foster's, and now Herndon's. I am sure that those of the last five are shining proofs that there are autobiographies and autobiographies. The reviewers may pass them over with a glance, but they can't down these living documents eternally. Herndon's own words stamp his book for what it really is and more: "After all, they might say, this is only the story of my life and does not call for evangelical outbursts. To this I will answer in all earnestness that the story of my life without my reactions to my own problems and to the problems of the world with the communistic viewpoint as its key and guide, without my fervors and indignations, without my hatreds and without my loves, would remain an untrue and distorted narrative without blood and without entrails." There are few lives, young and old, which have encompassed so much and which promise so much more.

There is a remarkable quality in the telling of this life story. Nothing seems to have escaped Herndon's notice. The "veil of color" is snatched away very early. He knows the stark realities of the gravest poverty. He has had jobs which sapped his vitality and robbed his youth from the time he began to walk. Sickness and death loom macabre-like before he is ten. The inequalities of an industrial system which degrades and kills are borne in upon him before he is thirteen. He becomes conscious of the brutal terrorism which can be so heartlessly visited upon a Negro population, sometimes supine from oppression. The dirty hands of the Southern industrial bourbons show themselves in every major event in his early youth. He sees helpless men murdered, and remarks at the criminal repetition of the lynch formula. All of this tattered fabric, Herndon sews together, to make of it that Joseph's coat known as the South. This is the background for Herndon's life, his university. This is the background which made a revolutionary of

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Herndon, and which will make revolutionaries of other Herndons. And if this story can be said to have a moral, that is exactly what Herndon wants it to have.

More than anyone I know, Herndon has pierced through the many-sided character of Negro life in the South. He enables us to see the false class character of Negro life itself. He shows us on whose side are the Negro lackeys and smug professionals in times of crisis. He writes in detail of how the southern ruling class astutely perpetuates these divisions among Negroes and among the whites and Negroes. But there is no ground or any room for defeatism here. He has observed too closely what has happened and what can happen when Negroes and whites come together, pool their resources, and fight.

Read this epic account of Herndon's background and development and you will see in it verification of the Marxian thesis that men are products of circumstances and upbringing, and that changed men react upon their environment. The world and its struggles, the works of Marx, Engels, and Lenin, the dozens of prisons educated him, steeled him, and allowed him to carve out his own development with purpose and will. Here you will see how men become truly educated and are able to cram into a few years so much of the wisdom of the ages. His picture of a very young man becoming educated is memorable: "While the whole household was asleep, I sat before a kerosene lamp reading the works of Karl Marx, Frederick Engels, and Lenin. I felt like Columbus. . . ."

There are very many passages, lyrical in their sweep and grandeur, which put most of our best novelists and biographers to shame. Perhaps only lives like Herndon's demand and receive this kind of telling. This is especially true of the descriptions of his early childhood, of the ineradicable things which happened to Gelo, of how he "got religion" at nine, of his father's death, of his first job as a coal loader, of the dozen arrests before he was seventeen, of the Reeltown massacre, of that memorable demonstration of the Atlanta Unemployment Council, and of those twenty-six months in Fulton Tower. No single review can begin to do justice to this remarkable document of our times. Reading it can give us some idea of how a Herndon can retort to his judge in a lynch-inspired courtroom, "You can do what you will with Angelo Herndon. . . . But there will come other thousands of Angelo Herndons. . . . You may succeed in killing one, two, even a score of working-class organizers. But you cannot kill the working class."

EUGENE C. HOLMES.

American Panorama

THE OLD BUNCH, *by Meyer Levin. Viking Press.* $3.00.

ALTHOUGH he has drawn the human material for his novel almost exclusively from the Chicago Jewish-American bourgeoisie, there is not a character or a situation in Meyer Levin's *The Old Bunch* that

J. N. Johnson

does not find its immediate counterpart in every sphere of American life, Jewish or Gentile, native-born or naturalized. Here, and in full measure, the reader will find confirmation of the truism that there is no essential difference between a rich Jew and a rich Christian; a poor Yid and a poor *goy*.

In the course of his long and infinitely satisfying narrative, Mr. Levin has given concrete expression to the schism we find on every hand in our day-to-day life: the emergence of the two opposing factions in a struggle that will eventually mark our period as the greatest period of world history. The point is not labored; Mr. Levin's implicit power as a novelist has not reached the full expression it will attain when he feels that he must make an explicit statement, but if the truth is revolutionary, Mr. Levin has written a truly revolutionary novel.

This schism in our life finds its expression in *The Old Bunch* in the careful and the moving externalization of the lives of some twenty major characters, all of them not only recognizable, but friends or people we have known. These lives the author follows from their graduation from high school in 1921, down through the 1929 debacle, to the closing night of A Century of Progress. We know them all: Mitch Wilner and Rudy Stone, the medical students; Sam Eisen and Runt Plotkin, the young solons; Sol Meisel, the boy athlete who goes into his father's cleaning business; Joe Freedman, the idealistic Jewish artist; and the others. For each of the boys, there is a girl. Some have sisters; all have girl friends who not only run true to the patterns of their class, but in every instance achieve vitality as fictional characters.

We meet them first at the time John Held was immortalizing the flapper; their preoccupations then were our preoccupations at the time—jazz and sex. The young sheiks and their hot mamas necked in parked cars, drove like mad, drank out of hipflasks, measured each other's worth by their ability to dance the latest steps. Times changed. Leopold and Loeb went to the pen; Joe Freedman and Alvin Fox went to Paris to expose themselves to art; Mitch and Rudy went into private practice; Sol Meisel abandoned the bicycle races for a job in his father's plant. Some married; some divorced. Estelle Green, the hottest of the girls, dropped gradually into the class of non-professional whores, cut off from the life she wanted. Sam Eisen found his way into the I.L.D.; Runt Plotkin into the ranks of the ambulance chasers and the shysters. In Europe, Joe flirted with Catholicism, dadaism, Zionism, thought he had found himself in Palestine but knew he hadn't and returned. The bottom had dropped out of everything.

Insull crashed; Capone went to jail; the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped; and the Thompson administration gave place to the Cermak and the Kelly. Roosevelt came in and the New Deal was dealt. By now the old bunch was getting a bit thick in the waist. Sam Eisen had become a radical; his former wife, the babydoll Lil Klein, was evicting the poor from the tenements she owned. Values in daily life were shifting. Rudy Stone helped establish a cheap coöperative clinic, while Sol Meisel did his best to smash the labor union in the cleaning business. Harry Perlin, the amateur inventor, found himself mixed up in a relief demonstration and learned something through the instrumentality of a night-stick. With the crumbling Chicago slums for a backdrop, Chicago Big Business spent millions on the Century of "Progress," which ran its course and expired amid a concerted chanting of "I'm Headin' for the Last Roundup."

This is the chord on which Mr. Levin resolves his important presentation of American middle-class life. It is a tune we have all heard, and which more and more of us are beginning to recognize.

ALVAH C. BESSIE.

The Good with the Bad

THE OLIVE TREE, *by Aldous Huxley. Harper & Brothers.* $2.50.

A HETEROGENEOUS, ill-unified collection of Huxley's more or less recent essays, ranging from two or three (such as the pieces on B. R. Haydon and on T. H. Huxley as a man of letters) which reveal Huxley at his best, to a few which reveal him at his weakest and worst. The volume would be worth having, except for those who own the *Letters of D. H. Lawrence,* if only for the essay on Lawrence, here reprinted, which Huxley contributed to that volume as a preface.

But, charming and cogent as he is on these literary and biographical subjects, Huxley begins at once to confuse and alienate the reader when he addresses himself to political or quasi-political subjects, as he does in "Writers and Readers" and "Words and Behaviour." The subject of these essays is the general subject of propaganda and partisanship, and despite the half-truths that are scattered through them, they are largely invalidated by Huxley's congenital impotence to think in genuinely political or social terms. "Politics," he says, "can become moral only on one condition: that its problems shall be spoken of and thought about exclusively in terms of concrete reality; that is to say, of persons."

If exact scientists, those heroes of Huxley's, had always forced themselves to think and

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speak exclusively in terms of individual spirochetes, of individual drops of carbonic acid, of individual alpha rays, the present state of the natural sciences can only too easily be imagined. That the social sciences have anything to learn in this respect from biology or physics seems never to have occurred to the grandson of the man who wrote *Lay Sermons;* and it is a measure of his incapacity in these matters.

NEWTON ARVIN.

Æsthetic Assault

THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM, *by Jules Romains. Translated from the French by Jacques Le Clercq. Robert M. McBride & Co.* $2.

IT was in the last years before the World War that Romains first published *Les Copains,* now translated into smooth American prose under the magnificent title *The Boys in the Back Room.* He wanted, he explains in a preface, to exalt the spirit of comradeship of which he was dreaming, comradeship which he "raised almost to the height of a world concept." So he wrote this jubilant story of a group of drinking pals who set out to perform an act of comic destruction against the sacred cows of the bourgeoisie: the Army, the Church, and the Public Monument.

The campaign, which begins and ends in the clouds of Olympian drinking parties, is a joyous celebration of the goodness and opulence of material existence. It affirms, in no uncertain terms, that reality, and reality alone, is adequate for all man's needs and desires. The "boys," all "stiff drinkers, brave fellows, and good players at nine-pins" (Rabelais), seem sufficiently well-fixed to move about like free men, though they haven't risen above a healthy interest in the prices of food, drink, and lodging. They are an active, intelligent, and thoroughly normal crew. Like M. Romains himself, they are far from all hysterias and blind yearnings. And the individuality of each is heightened and completed by his participation in the group. . . . The supreme virtue of Romains's outlook is that it finds this purely human and natural world as inspiring and profound as any gilded with ideals and otherworldly promises.

The boys of the back room, with their fooling, their meaningful pranks, and their cultured kidding, form a little social eddy of peace and good humor within the clashing currents of modern society. Like a bowling club of well-paid mechanics, or a clique of bachelor school-teachers or civil-service employees, they reflect that level of society which still escapes the degeneracy and power-lust of the ruling class, on the one hand, and the crushing slavery of the proletariat, on the other. But their materialistic clarity rescues them also from the smugness and spiritual confusion of the petty bourgeoisie. Their "back room" society, with its realistic and magnanimous impulses, seems to be the foreshadowing of a similar society that will cover the whole earth with a fraternity of productive men of good will.

"I therefore salute you, O one and only god," one of the boys hails the group, "by your seven names: Omer, Lamendin, Broudier, Bénin, Martin, Huchon, and Lesueur."

"And I raise aloft my cup."

What more natural, then, for the boys than to invade the backward provincial towns of Issoire and Ambert, two French Main Streets, wreak havoc in the army garrison, preach the divinity of the flesh from the church pulpit, and upset the ceremonies at the unveiling of an equestrian statue of the warrior Vercingetorix? Their love of their own society takes the form of a mischievous hostility against the bourgeois social order.

Marx once remarked that the last phase of a historic form is its comedy. History prepares matters thus, he asserts, in order that humanity may separate itself *joyfully* (his italics) from its past. It is the materialistic joviality of Romains's book, with its nay-saying to all mystical pessimism and all dogmatists of human misery, that prevails against any political "danger-signals" in Romains's outlook; that justifies, in the name of comedy, this merely "æsthetic" assault upon the middle class, characteristic of romantic literature.

HAROLD ROSENBERG.

Kipling's Last Book

SOMETHING OF MYSELF, *by Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Doran, & Co.* $2.50.

THIS is in a way a good book, a better book than might have been expected. It is unpretentious and fragmentary, and because of that fact the author keeps within limits that include his virtues and exclude many of his faults. It shows Kipling's personal modesty, his sense of humor, and his devotion to his craft. Its power of evoking a scene equals that of his best work, and the style has the originality and precision of phrase that once won him the praise of so exacting a critic as Henry James.

It is well that Kipling's last book should exhibit his talents, for it is easy to forget that fifty years ago his first books were being acclaimed, not merely by James, but by almost every English man of letters. The young man who was born in India, suffered in a British boarding-house, passed triumphantly through the ordeal of the United Services College, and for seven years performed heroic tasks on Indian newspapers, seemed, in the late eighties, a genius of the first order. We who think of Kipling chiefly as the high priest of imperialism, and are inclined to regard a taste for his work as something to be outgrown with maturity, find it difficult to understand the impression that his earliest work made. That work has its virtues, certainly, but the trouble is that, whereas his contemporaries were startled, quite naturally, by the possibilities of the man who could do such work at twenty-four or twenty-five, we know all too well what it led to.

There was, it seems, a point in Kipling's career when he might have developed in either of two directions. He might have continued as the shrewd observer he had shown himself to be in his short stories of India, or he might have become, as he actually did, the spokesman of a cause—the cause of the Empire, as opposed both to "little Englandism" and to other empires. Why he chose the latter course

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this book does not greatly help us to understand. (He does point out, in precisely this connection, that both his grandfathers were Wesleyan ministers.) But we can vaguely discern the process. His early work did, without his having particularly aimed at that result, perform a useful function in the new phase of imperialism that brought England out of the depression of the eighties: it helped to make the underprivileged members of English society feel that they had a share in the empire. He assumed the role of high priest largely by accident, and then, of course, his prejudices and upbringing led him to continue in it.

It may seem, to some superficial critics, a paradox for a Marxist to reproach Kipling for being, as these critics would say, a propagandist rather than an artist. No career, as a matter of fact, could illustrate better than his what Marxists really believe about the literary processes. The Marxist never wants an author to impose a set of ideas upon his observations. The Marxist, on the contrary, believes that honest observation must lead an author to recognition of some part at least of the truth—the revolutionary truth—about our civilization. What he objects to is any shrinking away from the truth, any willingness to compromise with bourgeois prejudices. Kipling, in becoming the bard of imperialism, was delivering himself over to his prejudices, and his powers as an artist were consequently stultified.

It is the elimination of much of the familiar preaching that makes *Something of Myself* less irritating and more readable than most of Kipling's later work. But there are glimpses enough of the imperial evangelist—in his account of his friendship with Rhodes, in his hatred of Irish, Jews, and Americans, even in his strictures on dressing for dinner. And time and again one catches hints of the process by which the imperialist stifled the genius in Kipling. One comes to understand, too, the loving, patient craftsmanship with which, rather pathetically, he tried to compensate for the narrowness of his sympathies and the distortion of his vision. One comes to feel that it was only as a craftsman that he really grew up, that his values were always those of an adolescent. That is, of course, why his following is chiefly among adolescents. It was, this book reminds us, a heavy price to pay.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Brief Reviews

THIS, MY BROTHER, *by John Rood, with an introduction by Meridel Le Sueur. Published by Midwest Federation of Arts and Professions, Chicago.* $1.

This story, the first publication of the Midwest Federation, is about a strike of the men who work in mines; this is a theme—with strikes today being as common and as well understood by the masses as is the purpose of the touring Germans at the gates of Madrid—sufficiently apropos and typical to be popular. Unfortunately, Rood's language, a blend of Anderson, the Bible, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, Lawrence Vail, and Gertrude Stein, tends to look cockeyed at the theme. To what develops to be to the mutual embarrassment of both language and theme, here's how they start:

This,

My brother, and brother yet to all and to everybody brother. We then being each the others' brother.

This man a brother being yet to me and to you and to all others brother.

This man begot of old McGregor, Jesse McGregor; from the silence and the deeper dark of old McGregor. And of not only Jesse but too his mother silent. And all a silent race from whence begotten.

Robert McGregor; heavy footed silent man, so deep alive inside.

The story tells how Jesse, the protagonist's father, believes in unions and in social change, but Robert is caught in a woman's body and doesn't know what he believes.

Now, deeper, Robert, deeper into the folds of her soft flesh. All the unspent agony of your body—into the rich body of this woman. This sterile seeding. This sterile seeding that cannot you appease, except for the moment, an hour. Not for the months or the years to come nor the eternal satisfaction of your mind and body. But for the moment, yes.

Robert not only lives in a woman's body, he thinks in it. The author, of course, tries for intensity and passion, but his prose gets in the way. And it is too bad that such a lush style should have been used, for the story contains elements of real originality and (rather unconsciously) humor. Somebody once ascribed a certain author's failure to the style he used, proving scientifically that the heft of thought carried depends on the holding power of the supporting word structure. John Rood's heart and mind yearning towards the right place, he should put new tires on the old gray mare so he can get there. J. S. B.

A CATALOGUE OF THE MUSEUM OF LIVING ART: *New York University.* $1.

With one exception, the contributors to this volume (Messrs. Jean Helion, A. E. Gallatin, J. J. Sweeny, and G. L. K. Morris) ignore the important question of the relation of abstract art to revolutionary culture. Instead, they speculate on the abstraction solely in its own terms and exclusively on æsthetic grounds. G. L. K. Morris, the one exception, makes an interesting but not entirely successful attempt to see the abstraction in its historical perspective. The reproductions of works by Picasso, Miro, Arp, etc., are good; and the Museum remains probably the most carefully chosen collection of its kind in the country. A number of American painters are represented in the collection, but their works are not reproduced in the catalogue. F. W. D.

★

Recently Recommended Books

Changing Man: The Education System of the U.S.S.R., by Beatrice King. Viking. $2.75.

Between the Hammer and the Anvil, by Edwin Seaver. Messner. $2.50.

I Will Not Rest, by Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by K. S. Shelvankar. Liveright. $2.25.

April, by Vardis Fisher. Doubleday, Doran, and Caxton. $2.

Catherine de' Medici and the Lost Revolution, by Ralph Roeder. Viking. $3.75.

An Actor Prepares, by Constantin Stanislavski. Theatre Arts. $2.50.

Dialectics: The Logic of Marxism, and its Critics—An Essay in Exploration, by T. A. Jackson. International. $2.50.

Report, Brussels Peace Congress. Secretariat, International Peace Campaign.

The Croquet Player, by H. G. Wells. Viking. $1.25.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Music ensembles good and bad—Shaw's "Candida" again—Films and the dance

ONE of the most annoying and by no means the least tragic concomitants of concert-going, the incongruous mating of music and performances of wholly alien æsthetic levels, drives me into a particularly fine frenzy. Pleasurable as it is to hear first-rate playing or singing, their exposition in second-rate material makes for a dangerous confusion between the merits of the performance and those of the composition, and pours ironic acid in the already painful wounds left by the buthery of lofty music by petty and incompetent interpreters.

While not as aggravated as some instances that could only too easily be brought to mind, the executantive standards of the Philharmonic-Symphony's Miaskovsky *Sixth Symphony* (March 14) and the Schola Cantorum's Bach *Johannes-Passion* (March 17) called imperatively for transposition. Why couldn't one have heard the work of undisputable stature given with the precise skill and integration of detail, the flexibility and range of tonal color that distinguished Dr. Rodzinski's reading of the pretender to symphonic greatness? The Philharmonic performance was so bewitching as almost to convince me of the validity of Miaskovsky's claim to genius. I must admit that I wavered. The symphony's wealth of sharply individualized ideas is developed with shrewd architectonic sense, Miaskovsky's command of orchestral craftsmanship is so complete, that he can abstain from any suggestion of effort or conscious virtuosity; from beginning to end he knows exactly what he intends to say and says it pointedly without redundancy or inflated rhetoric. Perhaps it is unreasonable to ask that one be stimulated as well as solidly satisfied, to bewail the absence of a hesitation or stutter in such fluent speech. But when it was all over, I felt that I was leaving by the same door I went in, that a master logician had brilliantly demonstrated and solved a blackboard problem, that eminently sound criticism was an unanswerable "So what?"

Hugh Ross tried hard for similar interpretative perfection (so hard indeed that at one moment my concentration on Bach was broken by a naughty "semaphoric Svengali" popping into my mind), but the momentum he built up so vigorously in the vast musical mechanism was seriously sabotaged by two charming girls. And against two Delilahs, even old Samson Bach himself was shorn of his strength. Enid Szantho and Charlotte Boerner, alto and soprano, are decorative additions to any stage; there are even many admirable qualities as to their voices, but they might have been singing in the San Francisco earthquake rather than on the solid stage of Carnegie Hall, so thoroughly was the vocal line of their ineffably lovely airs twisted and distorted.

The naturally unwieldy Schola chorus, seldom capable of real tonal luminosity or buoyancy, was spurred by Mr. Ross's demoniac baton to moments of remarkably coördinated power and vitality, even—in some of the chorales in particular—to a nearly perfectly transparent revelation of the music's heart-bursting pathos and compassion. But the real hero of the evening (and what a memorable one it would have been if the other soloists had been even remotely comparable) was William Hain, projecting the part of the Evangelist with superb dramatic strength. With flawless enunciation and richly varied delivery, he brought an eloquence and unself-conscious nobility to the narrator's declamation that italicized anew the destructive incompetence of the soprano and alto.

After these very mixed delights, it is a pleasure to recall another program that didn't include a single "great" work or one of any exceptional novelty, where neither the playing nor the music called for the adjective memorable, and yet in which comparatively mild merits were balanced so shrewdly that they gave consistent gratification. Long an adept with so-called popular concerts, Arthur Fiedler of the Boston "Pops" orchestra took over the Federal Music Project Symphony on March 14 for a neat demonstration of the arts of program building and making an uncoördinated orchestra outplay itself. From Rameau's "Dardanus" suite through Beethoven's first symphony and Sibelius's violin concerto to Ibert's witty *Divertissement* (one of the rare bits of true musical humor), Mr. Fiedler ranged blithely and surely, reëstablishing the often forgotten fact that Euterpe's is a world of more than Alps and abysses, and that simple pleasures are often the least alloyed. He worked harder on the stand than I like to see, but he made it difficult to believe that this was the same orchestra heard under other conductors in the last couple of months. My only quarrel was with the soloist, Miss Dorothy Minty, a young violinist of almost too emphatic assurance and authority, whose playing of the Sibelius concerto gave evidence of a very considerable technical talent married to an unfortunate ability to make the work sound emptier and more trivial than I had ever believed it to be. Maybe she was only exposing its inherent weaknesses, but without denying their existence, I don't think they're quite as apparent as her performance made them seem.

R. D. DARRELL.

THE THEATER

THAT cackling noise that we have been hearing for more than a generation now is the laughter of Bernard Shaw over the efforts of various theater commentators to declare up and down what his underlying idea

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was in *Candida*. Shaw may well be justified in his little joke (the last unspoken line of the script is "But they do not know the secret in the poet's heart"—a reference to the last spoken line, in which Marchbanks boasts of an unnamed secret better than that which Candida has just revealed to him), but I feel that he is unjustified in writing a play a major effect of which is to project a riddle. When Katherine Cornell put on the play in New York again last week, I saw it for the first time, after having read it a couple of times during the past ten years. After seeing it, I felt when I read it: there is something screwy about it ideologically. That is to say, it seems to me to be a collection of provocative ideas and situations which cannot fail to carry the audience along at a high pitch of interest, but while the ideas expressed at various stages are penetrating and relevant to important human issues, the behavior of the characters shows inconsistency, and the ideas the playwright airs show a similar anarchy. I cannot get away from the notion that Shaw had no basic idea in this play, and simply put his characters into situation after situation, and let them say one thing after another, without any special method in his madness except to make a play which would be interesting and, in terms of the time of its writing, daring. *Candida* certainly "plays," even escaping offensiveness in the rather callow and obvious comic relief of papa-in-law Burgess, and the situations and the characters' reactions in them are pretty genuinely human. What seems inhuman is that these characters should be together under these circumstances, and that all the things any one of the characters does could have been done, however human, by that same character. The company does a great deal to clothe these people with reality, but for me, at any rate, it doesn't quite come off. I must continue to feel that Shaw wrote an exercise in provocative ideas disguised as a comedy of manners, and found to his delight that he had also written a first-class piece of critical leg-pulling. Robert (*Aged 26*) Harris's Marchbanks seemed a little too feverish to carry the force that the script requires, and Miss Cornell's Candida seemed so generous and poised that it was impossible to understand or to forgive her nasty condescension toward Marchbanks and her husband. But that, it seems to me, is Shaw's fault, not Miss Cornell's.

Everybody jumped with both feet on a little comedy called *Cross-Town*, so here goes for a good word for it. I got a few solid laughs from this piece of nonsense about a mugg turned author via the plagiary route—laughs which were not, as I recall it, detonated by gaglines, but by something essentially humorous about the characters' reactions to situations, and by the accurate turn of the common speech put into their mouths. The play was rough and creaked in the joints, but Playwright Joseph Kesserling seems to me to have a keen ear for the garden variety of New York language, and for heading his characters into situations which are not merely incongruous, but funny in several ways at once. And his statement of the character of the upper-class dame who tried to make the mugg into a gigolo seemed to me keen and largely unsentimental. He should stick to his guns, and, like his character, turn his hand to writing not about artificial notions, but about the real things that go on in the lives of the people he apparently knows pretty well. The cast of the play was composed of a number of people comparatively unknown, with the exception of Joseph Downing. Fraye Gilbert, Mary McCormack, and Jack Irwin are among those who did excellent work with their material.

ALEXANDER TAYLOR.

THE SCREEN

MANY stage versions and certainly the silent film version of *The Golem* have been in essence anti-Semitic. It is with a great deal of pleasure that I can announce that the current French-language version of *The Golem* (produced by A. B. Film in Prague) is definitely not anti-Semitic. As a matter of fact, it definitely draws parallels with the current persecutions of the Jewish people in Germany and other fascist countries. And as such it can be called anti-fascist. Furthermore, insofar as the slogan of the film is "Revolt is the right of the slave," this current version of the cabalistic legend of medieval Prague can be considered as "class-angled."

This is all very surprising, since director Julien Duvivier (of *Poil de Carotte* fame) has made a violently reactionary film (*Maria Chapdelain*) and a definitely anti-Semitic version of the crucifixion (*Golgotha*) before this.

The film carries the usual legend beyond the time of the good Rabbi Loew who created the Golem, a monster in human form, to a later period in the reign of the mad emperor, Rudolf, played by Harry Baur. It is a period of royal intrigue and debauchery. The Jews in their ghetto are incredibly persecuted and exploited. This goes on until the people can stand no additional terror, and they awaken the Golem by the slogan, "Revolt is the right of the slave." The court is destroyed and Rudolf is compelled to abdicate his throne to a more liberal and enlightened monarch.

Duvivier has given the production magnificent settings, and has handled his excellent cast with a great deal of skill. Harry Baur gives a sharp and sympathetic portrayal of the mad Rudolf, and Charles Dorat plays Rabbi Jacob with restraint and sensitivity. Duvivier is not always clear in his scenario and direction. But his handling of the cabalistic ritual, the scenes in the synagogue, and the mass sequences come up to his best things in *Poil de Carotte*.

It seems as though Joe E. Brown's switch from the house of Warner to R.K.O. hasn't improved his lot. *When's Your Birthday?* (R.K.O.-Radio) is his usual lame-duck comedy with a few good laughs. Some day, perhaps, a good comedian will get a decent role. *Sea Devils* (R.K.O.-Radio) is a conventional sez-you melodrama with the Coast Guard and Victor McLaglen and Preston Foster as the

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collective heroes. *Ready, Willing, and Able* is the stock-in-trade Warner musical comedy with Ruby Keeler doing her routine. *Silent Barriers* is another in the Gaumont-British imperialist-chauvinistic empire builders series. Instead of conquering South Africa, this time the glorious British imperialist conquers the Rocky Mountains in the form of the building of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Photographed (in a very dull way) against the magnificent Rockies, this film is a pretentious "western" which suffers from stupid writing, bad direction, and anti-labor sentiments (in spite of the written dedication to the "rank and file").

As a result of the printer's error, I gave the impression last week that *Wings of the Morning* is "the first feature film of the Spanish civil war." Actually the film is about Ireland, but it does use the civil war in Spain in one of its early sequences . . . and, regretably, in a pro-fascist way. I mention it only to point out that this is a foretaste of what London and Hollywood will try to tell us about Spain.

Another effort is being made in New York —this time at the Belmont Theatre—to palm off the Nazi-made *Amphitryon* as a French film. It was made by the recently "coördinated" U.F.A. studios and is merely distributed by a French agency as a blind. The management of the Belmont says it isn't afraid of picket lines. Well . . .

PETER ELLIS.

THE DANCE

TRAINED in the German schools of dancing, Fe Alf presents a well-disciplined body, an excellent technical equipment, and a decided leaning towards the theater. Moreover, she has rid herself of much of the sentimentalism, the romantic gesture, and the unhappy quality of defeatism that was apparent in her first New York concert in 1935.

She has had difficulty, however, moving beyond this negative stage of development. Principally, her work has followed one of two directions, both self-conscious and neither very satisfactory. For one, she has attempted to draft on work already done a new concept. The *City* cycle, for example, originally closed on the depressed note of the acceptance of "Degradation." It is now concluded with the gesture of the clenched fist. But the compositant climax is false to the body of the work; nor do the two new phrases, "Presage to Conflict" and "Triadic Progression" (the names of which indicate the dancer's shift in approach to her dance—"Perpetual Drive," "Slavery," and "Degradation" constituted the original cycle) serve to point the sympathies of the dancer, but, rather, to stress the inadequacy of her method.

The second of the two directions is even less fortunate. *Summer Witchery, City Stimulant, Duet for Clarinet and Dancer,* and *Sola* are rather slight, at best in the nature of theatrical *divertissement,* and decidedly in the manner of retreat. It isn't general that

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a dancer will solve her dilemma by escaping it.

Of special interest, and perhaps a third development, was Fe Alf's performance of George Bockman's *Suite for Women;* of special interest because for the first time in concert a "modern" dancer presented another's choreography. *Suite for Women* isn't an especially good composition; it's a loose work in three superficially related figures, classic Egyptian, satiric "Modern Patterns" (show girl, street girl, etc.), and a final militant "Precursor." At the same time, for whatever reason a modern choreographer composed only for himself (or his group), and for whatever reason a dancer found it necessary to perform only his own work, here is a tradition well broken. The problem, of course, is for the dancer to discover the suitable choreographer. This is primarily Fe Alf's job. Her splendid technique, stage presence, emotional and intellectual tie-up with the masses of people should find the proper medium, not go wasted.

The 92nd Street Y.M.H.A. in New York continued its excellent series of concerts with a program devoted to certain aspects of the development of the Negro dance. The presentation was in four sections: Africa—primitive dances of love, beauty, etc., rhythmic and pantomimic compositions executed by Asadata Dafora Horton, Alma Sutton, and Abdul Assen, all excellent and exciting if only for their technique; West Indies—ceremonial dances in which the folk quality is the new healthy development forcing its way through a corrupted religious tradition—Katherine Dunham and her Group performing; the third part of the program was given to the religious and rebellious American Negro slave *Shout* and to his satiric *Cake-Walk*—Edna Guy and Alison Burroughs choreographers; and finally modern trends, which included the purely impressionistic *After Gaugin,* the abstract *Composition,* the episodic *Tropic Death* (anti-lynch) and two *Negro Songs of Protest* ("How Long, Brethren" and "Scottsboro") from the Lawrence Gellert collection.

The performances were rather uneven, the African section most gratifying, the modern trends rather disappointing. It cannot be said that the Negro has accepted a foreign tradition, as this last section would indicate; nor that he has successfully escaped the richer foot rhythms and the more exciting shoulder rhythms of the earlier African primitives. Trucking, the Lindy Hop, the Susie Q are certainly among the more traditionally developed Negro, dignified, and sensually rich dance forms, and might well have found a place in the otherwise sound program.

At the New School, the series of Modern Recitals continued with developing evidence of a maturing group of younger dancers. The theme of the third evening was principally social satire, Lily Mehlman contributing *Dear Beatrice Fairfax,* Malvina Fried *Father Coughlin,* and Bill Matons and his Group *Hallucination Harriet.* Social comment, too, were Merle Hirsch's *Georgia Prisoner* and Eva Desca's *Youth Suite.* Several of the dancers and dances will be seen under better

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circumstances (suitable stage, lights, etc.) in the projected New Dance League concerts.

The Brooklyn Museum Dance Center (scene of a series of Saturday morning and afternoon dance concerts) presented dances by members of the Federal Dance Theater and the Spanish dancer, Freddy Wittop; up at Hunter College in the Bronx, the Dance Club presented two evenings of "Background of Dance in America," and finally, Lillian Shapero, M. Goldstein, and Edith Segal assisted with the movement of the Freiheit Gezang Farein operetta, *Strike and Revolt.*

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Forthcoming Broadcasts

(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Supreme Court. Rep. Thomas R. Amlie of Wisconsin will discuss "Constitutional Aemndment or the President's Plan?" Fri., March 26, 10:30 p. m. Columbia.

Problems Before Congress. A member of the Senate will discuss them Thurs., March 25, at 5 p. m., and a member of the House on Wed., March 31, at 3:30 p.m. Columbia.

Music. Hans Lange directs the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra Wed., March 31, 1:45 p.m., N.B.C. blue. Also "Four Centuries of Chamber Music" Tues., March 30, 2:30 p.m. N.B.C. red.

Discussion. Glenn Frank and others on "Is National Planning Inevitable?" Tues., April 1, 9:30 p.m. N.B.C. blue.

Teachers' Rights. Debate, Columbia U. vs. U. of California. "Resolved, that teachers should have a point of view." Sat., Apr. 3, 2:30 p.m. N.B.C. blue.

Emergency Peace Campaign. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt; Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd; Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. Tues., Apr. 6, 10:30 p.m. N.B.C. blue.

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The Woman Alone. Director Alfred Hitchcock's version of Conrad's *The Secret Agent,* with Sylvia Sidney.

The Man Who Could Work Miracles. Roland Young in a funny H. G. Wells story.

PLAYS

Storm Over Patsy (Guild, N. Y.). James Bridie's adaptation of Bruno Frank's pleasant comedy about a dog who precipitated a domestic-relations and political crisis.

Helen Howe (Little, N. Y.). Monodramas in social satire, on tour: Apr. 7, Sunset Club, Seattle, Wash.; Apr. 12, San Mateo Jr. College, San Mateo, Cal.; Apr. 21, College Club, Portland, Me.; Apr. 23, Watertown, Mass.; May 1, E. Northfield, Mass.

The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse (Playhouse, N. Y.). Cedric Hardwicke in Barré Lyndon's smooth, clever, crook comedy-drama.

Power (Ritz, N. Y.). The Living Newspaper's powerful and amusing attack on the utilities racket.

The Sun and I (Adelphi, N. Y.). A free rendering of the story of the Biblical Joseph, by Leona and Barrie Stavis.

Having Wonderful Time (Lyceum, N. Y.). Marc Connelly direction and Arthur Kober authorship of a play about young love at camp.

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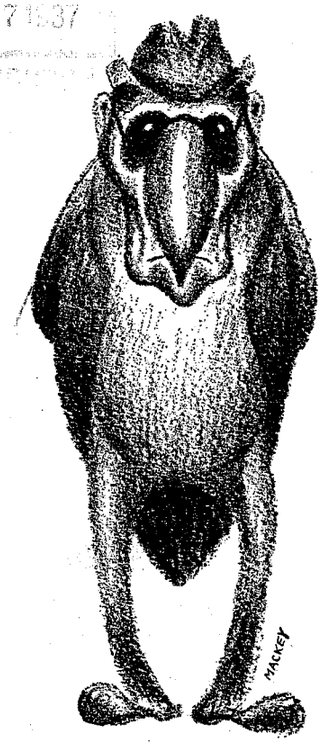
STOP PULLING A LONG FACE

MAR 27 1937



John Mackey

STOP giving an imitation of someone who, like the gentleman in John Mackey's drawing has gone stork mad (excuseitplease). Stop cussing yourself out for having missed NEW MASSES features that your up-and-coming friends are talking about. We know a number of folk who are sore at having missed, for one reason or another, the start of the John L. Lewis story last week. That's just a sample of what can happen. Other articles you cannot afford to miss will appear in profusion in the NEW MASSES this spring. For example:

An International Series on the People's Front

This will be a history-making symposium by outstanding authorities the world over. Manuscripts are already in hand from *Harold J. Laski,* professor of political science at the London School of Economics and a leading left-winger in the British Labor Party; from *Heinrich Mann,* world-famous author, political refugee from the Third Reich, and a founder of the German people's-front movement; from *Hu Chow-yuan,* political commissar of the famous Chinese Nineteenth Route Army; from *Ramon J. Sender,* Spanish novelist and author of *Seven Red Sundays;* from *Vicente Lombardo Toledano,* leader of the Mexican Workers' Confederation; from *Paul Vaillant-Courturier,* editor of *L'Humanité;* from *William Gallacher,* Scottish Communist member of Parliament; from *Broadus Mitchell,* professor of economics at Johns Hopkins University and outstanding American Socialist; from *Hernan Laborde,* general secretary of the Mexican Communist Party; and others.

A Series in Marxist Literary Criticism by Ralph Fox

Three articles by the brilliant English Marxist writer, author of *Lenin* and *Genghis Khan,* recently killed in action in Spain: (a) The Novel as Epic, (b) The Prometheans: Balzac and Flaubert, and (3) Socialist Realism.

Lively Coverage on Political and Cultural News

Correspondents in the hot spots and authorities in their various fields continue to keep NEW MASSES readers posted on important issues. For example, coming next week: *The Lincoln Battalion,* a story on the American anti-fascist volunteers fighting in Spain, by our correspondent James Hawthorne; *André Gide on the U.S.S.R.,* by Paul Nizan, French philosopher and journalist—an analysis of Gide's recent criticisms of the Soviet Union.

These and other forthcoming articles are features you cannot afford to miss! Assure yourself of getting every one of them by taking advantage of the valuable combination subscription offers listed at the right. Get one of these important current books and be sure of getting every issue of the NEW MASSES by marking the coupon and sending it in—NOW!

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